HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXXI.—No. 1570.
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1887.
TEN CENTS A COPY.
$4.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

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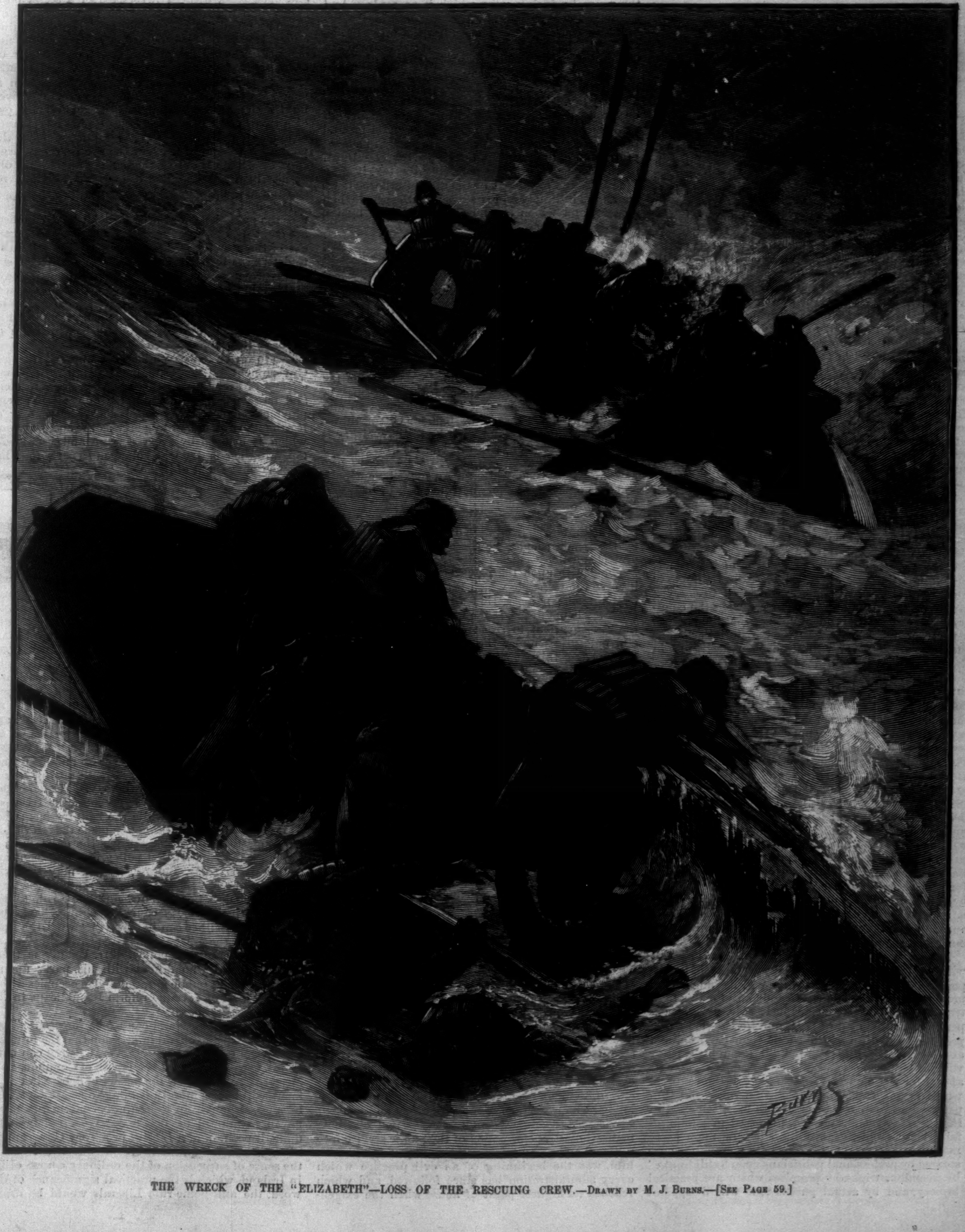

THE WRECK OF THE "ELIZABETH"—LOSS OF THE RESCUING CREW.—DRAWN BY M. J. BURNS.—[SEE PAGE 59.]

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THE WOLF CHARMER,

with a full-page illustration by FREDERIC DIELMAN.

"An All-round Boy" is the title of an article by CHARLES BARNARD, *calculated to interest young readers in the system of instruction followed at the Felix Adler School for Working-men's Children. It is accompanied by a picture by* G. DE F. BRUSH.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1887.

THE SENATORIAL ELECTIONS.

THE elections for Senators of the United States this winter will be watched with great interest. The Democrats opened the ball in Indiana in a very unpromising manner, by extraordinary proceedings in the Senate; and the Republicans in Michigan displaced Mr. CONGER by a gentleman of whom it is chiefly reported that he is very rich, and tells a good story; and in Pennsylvania they nominated Mr. QUAY, known to the country only as a party "boss." Both parties have more at stake than the issue of the personal contest between candidates, because both parties are themselves on trial. It is remarkable that while it is constantly asserted that our government is one of party, and that it is a patriotic duty to belong to a party and to obey its commands, there is always talk of an appeal to the country, as if beyond the parties there were a tribunal of voters which would decide between them. There is such a tribunal. There is a great, and just now a very great, body of independent citizens, who elected the present President, and who will elect the next President. Their vote will depend largely upon the degree of confidence which parties inspire, and the success of either party at the next election will be determined by the proof which it shall have submitted that it may be trusted more than the other to secure honest and efficient and economical government.

These are very simple truisms. They are indeed so commonplace that they are neglected by party managers and politicians, who hold that it is not party character and purpose but "boodle" that carries the day. That is a serious error. Mr. MIKE CREGAN can "hire" a large number of his friends to vote for the party of moral ideas, and they may sometimes elect an Assemblyman. But to carry a larger election it is necessary to persuade the country—that is, the independent voters—that the party *is* a party of moral ideas. In the Senatorial elections the Democratic party will strengthen itself just in the degree that it identifies itself with the views of the Democratic President. To repudiate them or to shrug the shoulder at them, and to yearn for an "old-fashioned Democrat," meaning a Bourbon, is to warn the independent voters that the President does not represent his party. To suppose that to be good policy is to prove one's self an indisputable Bourbon. The Republican party has no less a stake in the Senatorial elections. The situation of the party is plain to the dullest observer. Why was it defeated in 1884? Because it was believed to be recreant to its principles of honesty and progress, and to have fallen under the control of influences dangerous to honest politics and to the national welfare. This is stating the fact in general terms. But it describes substantially the situation. Now how does a party defeated for such reasons recover its ascendency? Obviously by showing that it is not recreant to its original spirit and purpose, and that it deserves the confidence and support of "the country," to which in 1888 it must again appeal.

This consideration invests the Senatorial elections with vital importance to the party welfare. The disposition of the Republican party will be judged, and properly, by its selections of candidates for this high trust. If it chooses conspicuously able, upright, experienced public men of large and liberal views, of a progressive spirit, more patriotic than partisan, and above suspicion of every kind, the Republican party will justify its old character and traditions, and its appeal for the approval and support of the country, which means rather more than the thick and thin party voters, will be powerful and persuasive. But if it selects second-rate men, unversed in public affairs, known chiefly as millionaires, or mere party managers, or "good fellows," whose nominations are secured by professional politicians upon "still hunts," by ingenious tricks, by promises which are practical bribery, and by actual purchase, it will disappoint and disgust the best men within the party, and it will merely repel all others. It cannot restore the old enthusiasm and vigor and success by selecting such representatives, and snarling at independent Republicans as traitors and spoonies. "The public is not a fool, though my lord thinks it is."

THE SURPLUS.

THE reduction of the surplus is the immediate question which will test the disposition and the ability of Congress. The practical difficulty in reaching a conclusion lies in the fact that in the first place the two Houses are of different political views, and in the second that the Democratic majority of the House is not agreed upon a principle in regulating the tariff. It is creditable to the Republican minority that Republicans do not decline to bring forward a plan of reduction, whatever may be thought of its details or of the general principle upon which it proceeds. And the bill introduced by Mr. HISCOCK, one of the Republican leaders of the House, has the merit of disclosing in the simplest way the essential character of the protective principle. Senator CHACE, of Rhode Island, is willing to predict that Congress will abolish the tobacco tax, and abolish or greatly reduce the whiskey tax. The Senator is a prohibitionist, and he does not use tobacco. But he thinks the removal of the tobacco tax to be a duty of Congress, on the ground that it is not a luxury, but a daily necessity to a large proportion of the people of the United States. But if this be a good reason for removing the tax, it is an equally sound argument in the case of other articles which are infinitely more necessary to the people than tobacco, and which are now roundly taxed by the tariff.

In the case of whiskey, Senator CHACE holds that "the government is now acting as a legitimizer of the liquor traffic"; that the whiskey tax is a war tax, and that the system is based upon injustice, because the rich distiller or speculator is able to buy government stamps in large amounts and to get the discount for purchase, which increases according to the amount purchased. Moreover, he does not think that the abolition or reduction of the tax would lead to an increase in consumption or in drunkenness. The Senator must hold, then, that the reduction of the tax would not reduce the retail price, for the cheapness of drinks unquestionably affects the consumption and the amount of drunkenness. Senator CHACE thinks also that the Southern farmer who distils whiskey is entitled to this act of justice so long as the Northern farmer can make and sell cider. Mr. HISCOCK proposes to reduce the tariff tax upon sugar by one-half, and to compensate the producers of sugar by bounties. This is a simple and intelligible plan, and it emphasizes the fact that the great profits derived by certain protected interests from high duties are bounties paid by the whole people—by those who do not use the protected articles as well as by those who do.

The debate upon the plans of reduction will thus involve the principle which lies at the root of a protective tariff: namely, that the primary object of a tariff tax is not to secure the largest actual amount to the Treasury, but to assist certain private interests and enterprises under the plea of aiding home industry. In this debate the protectionist party is most positive and aggressive, while its opponent, which is not a free-trade but a revenue-reform party, hesitates and doubts. The hesitation arises from the fact that a large revenue must be raised every year, and the traditions of the country favor as the means of raising it the indirect taxation of a tariff. To assail the protective principle of the tariff, therefore, seems to the average voter to threaten both the amount of revenue and the wages of the workman. He is taught to associate high wages with protection, and as the question is an intricate one for those who are not well informed, and who do not reason carefully, it is a very dangerous one for any party to raise. It would not be touched, certainly, by this Congress except for the fact of the great and increasing surplus, and of the apprehension of an extra session if some action should not be taken this winter. But Mr. HISCOCK has expressed the opinion that no legislation is probable during this session.

ST. JACKSON'S DAY.

THE 8th of January—St. Jackson's Day—was celebrated this year in a sad and significant manner by oratory devoted to extolling the great Jacksonian doctrine of spoils. The spoils system is one of the few surviving relics of royal government in this country, and stands in direct opposition to the American and truly Republican doctrine of merit, which opens the whole service to every honest and capable citizen, without fear and without favor, under regulations which secure the most vigorous and efficient service. JACKSON was an imperious and obstinate man, whose transformation of the public service into personal and party spoils, although not original with him, was the beginning of an evil practice which every administration has since followed, and which reached its highest point of abuse when the exigencies of the times led the Republicans to pass the tenure of office bill, which, as Senator HOAR recently pointed out, was contemporaneous with the rise of the civil service reform movement.

A return to the rule of the Jacksonian Democracy as expounded on the late anniversary of the battle of New Orleans would be a lamentable disaster. Happily it is no more possible than a return to Black-cockade or Blue-light Federalism. The spoils system "must go." It will go, undoubtedly, as the devils went out of the possessed—shrieking and wailing. It will not go all at once, nor in consistent order, but it will go, as all abuses and wrongs go when they are once fairly confronted with the good sense and patriotic intelligence of the country. The reformed system is decried by Jacksonians as aristocratic. The New York *World* has well exposed the folly of this charge. A system which appoints only those whose fitness and competency have been ascertained by fair and open tests, without favoritism or a secret pull, and which dismisses every such appointee at any moment upon the responsibility of the appointing officer, is a comical aristocracy. The system has not one quality of an aristocracy, either of privilege or of tenure. The spoils system, however, is essentially exclusive and aristocratic, for under it no man is appointed without favoritism, nor removed, however unfit, so long as he has "influence," and no man out of a small circle of a boss's favorites has any chance of appointment whatever. Instead of removing the public service out of reach of the people, the reformed system takes it out of the hands of a political oligarchy in every State and county and city, and restores it to the people.

Nobody has "a right" to office in this country, neither the politicians nor the office-holders. The offices are created by the people, not by a party, for the benefit of the people, and the people have the authority to determine in what way the offices shall be filled. The representatives of the people of all parties have decided that for certain offices the reformed system of selection shall be the method. They mean undoubtedly to extend the range of those offices, and just in the degree that they leave the Jacksonian reign of terror in the public service behind them will they advance toward a truly popular and democratic service. Government by party does not require a partisan change of every postmaster and collector and clerk and messenger and lamp-lighter in the public employment, and nothing is so deadly an enemy of legitimate government by party as the spoils system, which is beloved by every corrupt and venal politician in the country who belongs to a party for what he can "make" out of it.

ENGLISH POLITICS.

THE situation in English politics is very interesting. Its most striking phenomenon is the evident tendency toward a reunion of the Liberal party, and consequently to a reconstruction of party lines. It seems to be clear, however, that Mr. GLADSTONE will make no serious change in his Irish policy, and equally clear that neither Mr. BRIGHT nor Lord HARTINGTON will accept that policy. Meanwhile Mr. GOSCHEN goes into the Tory administration, and Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL is thrown over, and Lord IDDESLEIGH, a very liberal Tory, pushed out of the cabinet by Lord SALISBURY, dies suddenly, and his death, under the circumstances, casts an ominous gloom upon the situation. Lord SALISBURY finds the arrangement of his ministry a very difficult task, and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has evidently discovered that his position is extremely unsatisfactory. Lord HARTINGTON's contention is untenable that he and his friends have as good a right as Mr. GLADSTONE and his friends to call themselves the Liberal party. He holds that because that party has never accepted the Irish policy of Mr. GLADSTONE, while the country has rejected it at the election, it cannot be made the test of Liberalism. It is untenable because the great mass of the party did support that policy in Parliament and at the polls. Mr. BRIGHT, indeed, may say with truth that he is a Liberal in every sense of the term, but that he does not acknowledge home rule to be a Liberal principle. He cannot, certainly, become a Tory. But neither can he deny that what the great majority of the Liberal party approves must be accepted as the Liberal policy. Mr. BRIGHT is therefore a Liberal who differs with his party upon a most important public question. He occupies a position like that of revenue reform Republicans in this country.

The result in England cannot be forecast. There is undoubtedly a general impression that the ministry is not strong or durable. Mr. W. H. SMITH can hardly be a capable leader of the House of Commons; and Mr. GLADSTONE, who is the master of debate in Parliament, will have a moral advantage over Mr. GOSCHEN, because, although an exceedingly able man, and admirably equipped for debate, Mr. GOSCHEN is in the difficult position of a Liberal in a Tory Government. Should the Irish question become one of coercion in the sense of suspension of the ordinary course of law in Ireland, which is the practical significance of that word, the anti-home-rule Liberals would be drawn

more and more closely to the Tory camp. That the Tory view leads to the policy of coercion in the sense of extreme measures is evident from Lord SALISBURY'S recent speech at the City Conservative Club. He said that the Nationalist "plan of campaign" is simple swindling and fraud; it is a concerted repudiation of legal debts, and the beginning of anarchy. The question, he said, is not one of the mercy of landlords, but of the obligations of debtors. In a word, the Tory ground is that there is no Irish grievance whatever; that the laws are equal for the whole realm; that Irishmen are as much bound to obey them as Englishmen or Scotchmen, and that if they refuse, the Government must compel obedience, or be practically overthrown.

Whatever may be the ultimate practical result of the Round Table conference, and that can be disclosed only gradually, it is hardly possible that the Tory Ministry, which would fall from its own weakness except for the presence of a Whig Liberal, can long endure. The Liberal Unionists are not satisfied with their own prospects, and they can hardly organize a third party. While the Irish question is open they must either return to the Liberal ranks or vote with the Tories. Some of them will probably take the former course, and the tendency of the latter will be, like Mr. GOSHEN, practically to identify themselves with the Tories. It certainly seems not improbable that Mr. GLADSTONE may be once more Prime Minister.

TWENTY YEARS AND NOW.

THE timely and interesting paper upon the revival of prosperity in the Southern States contributed to the Baltimore *Manufacturers' Record* by Judge KELLEY, of Pennsylvania, the father of the House of Representatives, is a most happy confirmation of the report of the HARPER party of observers in the same region. Judge KELLEY is an able champion of protection, and he finds his views justified by what he saw, and as a Republican he saw doubtless with great satisfaction what must have seemed to him infallible indications of a prospective change of party sympathy arising from the extraordinary development of home industry, which would naturally seem to those interested to require no change in the general policy under which it has grown up. There has been no more cordial recognition of the great progress in Southern wealth, individual comfort, and productive power than that of Judge KELLEY. Twenty years ago he saw the Southern States as a land of desolation. The immediate cause, as he says, was undoubtedly the war. But the ante-bellum industrial system and economic opinions he holds to be largely responsible for the situation at that time. Before the war there were few large cities, and consequently there was no development of the boundless and infinitely various mineral resources of the country. Agriculture was restricted to a few great staples, and without adequate fertilizers large tracts of land necessarily lay fallow and useless. The plantations were immense, and as the labor was performed by slaves, the laboring whites were inevitably poor and miserable.

Twenty years ago Judge KELLEY appealed to his audiences to sell the vast areas of ill-worked land, and develop their coal, ore, and limestone. Such counsels have prevailed. The change wrought since then, he says, "may be regarded as the work of Titans." In Nashville he found a city which has become a manufacturing and commercial centre. Her manufactures increase in variety as rapidly as in volume, and it avails itself of all its advantages as a point of distribution. Chattanooga feels the same impulse. The chief industries are connected with ore beds, coal-mines, and furnaces, but its lumber trade is said to be second only to that of Chicago, and its tannery is the largest in the world. In this the labor is colored, and the adult population of the town is about equally divided between old Confederate and Union soldiers, and all are alike welcome to the industrial contest. A very interesting factory here is the steel nail-works, where the labor is also colored, and shows great mechanical and industrial skill. Birmingham was "a tenantless wilderness" when the war ended. It is now a centre of industry, with more than 25,000 inhabitants, and the town hopes soon to make iron so cheaply as to close the Pennsylvania works, and compel the Pennsylvania iron-masters to emigrate to Birmingham. Mr. JOHN I. PERRY, of Albany, has already determined to remove his stove works to South Pittsburgh, in Tennessee, which Judge KELLEY says is sure to become an important town.

But his objective point was Anniston, in Alabama, where the spacious and sumptuous hotel is but a symbol of the enterprise and prosperity of the community. The industries here too are largely diversified, and the products of its cotton-mill are shipped directly to China. Like Pullman in Illinois and Saltaire in England, the town belongs largely to a company, which has just completed a railroad to connect its property with the railroad system of southeastern Alabama, Georgia, and Florida. Tennessee, Alabama, and Georgia, Judge KELLEY holds to be "wonderfully endowed States" in mineral resources and industrial opportunities. As he hastened back to Washington the activity and prosperity and promise of Atlanta greatly impressed him, and he concludes a singularly interesting paper by saying that he has given

"but faint intimations of the resources of the mineral regions of the South, of the impulses that now animate her controlling people, and of the rapid strides with which the spirit of the nineteenth century is changing not only the aspect of the country, but the purposes and aspirations of the people of the New South."

We are happy men who can read these words written to-day by a man like Judge KELLEY, and who remember when our news from Chattanooga and Atlanta and Alabama was of a kind that seemed to push peace and industry, and, above all, fraternal feeling, into an indefinite future. It is such testimony as this of Judge KELLEY and that of the HARPER party which quickens the love of country and the generous pride of every genuine American.

REFORM IN MOROCCO.

THE outrages which have been long perpetrated in Morocco by consular authority have now received the attention of the government, which has taken steps to repress them. A system of abuse of privilege has grown up in the country, by which fraudulent claims against unprotected natives, who are generally unable to read or write, are enforced by the consulates at the cost of great wrong and suffering to the victims. The outrages were exposed by Mr. ION PERDICARIS, an American gentleman residing at Tangiers, who was arrested and imprisoned by the United States consul for alleged contempt of his court.

The offence of Mr. PERDICARIS lay in endeavoring to rescue an alleged debtor from ill treatment. Upon his release, after a very short detention, Mr. PERDICARIS came to this country, and made a statement in person at the State Department, which was so conclusive that the Department officially disapproved the action of the Consul, and directed the repayment of the fine and costs extorted from Mr. PERDICARIS. Pursuing its investigations, the Department has now issued orders which will tend to correct a great abuse. Residents of Eastern countries who pass as American citizens, and who are always ready to lend themselves to such outrages as those in Morocco, will be henceforth excluded from consular protection unless they can produce their naturalization papers, and are entered authoritatively upon the consular register.

This is an admirable step, and it is chiefly due to the clear and intelligent information of Mr. PERDICARIS, who has lived many years in Morocco, and who has fortunately interested himself in the correction of abuses committed in the name and by the authority of his country. Other governments have taken similar action, and the knowledge that the practices in question have been disapproved by powerful states will be in itself a remedial influence. Mr. PERDICARIS has done good service, not only to the victims of the abuses, but to the honor of his government.

"THEIR PILGRIMAGE."

THE readers of HARPER'S MAGAZINE during the last year who have loitered from summer resort to resort with Mr. WARNER and his friends upon "Their Pilgrimage" will be glad to take the whole delightful journey over again in the very handsome volume which the publishers of the Magazine have now issued. The shrewd and observant eye and that happy touch of literary art which are familiar in Mr. WARNER'S books are admirably illustrated in this work, while the wide range of the tour gives great variety of interest and information. Information, indeed, is not the object of the tour or of its record, but it is impossible to travel with Mr. WARNER without learning much. The pleasant humor which lightens these pages, and the hearty and healthy good sense which ballasts them, will be anticipated by the reader. The publishers, intent upon the comfort of the fresh travellers who will this year set out upon their pilgrimage through the same scenes, have properly given the book a neat and durable library binding.

INFORMATION WANTED.

IF passengers by the railroads must needs be burned to death in the event of accident, the companies can at least cause polite questions to be answered. Some of the great corporations have wisely established in their chief stations a bureau of information, where all inquiry is satisfied. If you wish to know the hour of going and coming, or where to buy your ticket, or where to lay your bag, you have only to ask and you will be courteously answered. But if the train comes to a sudden stop anywhere or at any time, every officer and assistant disappears, and profound ignorance reigns supreme.

When a train stops in mid-career, the first desire of every passenger is to know why. If it were made the duty of somebody to pass through the train and announce that a bridge draw was up, or that an axle was hot, or that a preceding train was off the track, or that the locomotive was out of order, or whatever the occasion might be, and if it were added that a flagman had been sent to the rear and to the front, the peace of mind of the passengers would be greatly promoted, and the tedium of delay would be much alleviated.

Upon no railroad have we ever found this simple device put in practice. On the contrary, a desire to know the occasion of the delay is apt to be officially regarded as an offensive impertinence. The rule seems to be that passengers must be taught to know their place, and to repress idle curiosity about the affairs of their betters. So also with accidents. The place which seems to be absolutely devoid of information upon the subject is the office, to which everybody naturally turns. The management of our great railroads is in many ways most admirable, but upon these two small points immense improvement is possible.

BISMARCK.

BISMARCK is at least frank. He does not trust parliamentary government, and he says so plainly. He is essentially despotic, and does not conceal his contempt for constitutional forms to which he is forced to defer. In the late debate in the German Parliament upon the question of an army bill for seven years, with an increase of force, the committee yielded upon the point of increase, and agreed to the 41,000 men additional, but would not exchange the three years for the septennate, or seven years.

Then General VON MOLTKE said that if the septennate should be rejected there would be war. The way to keep the peace was to strengthen the army for seven years. BISMARCK followed in a very frank speech:

"The strength of the army," he said, "shall not depend upon changing majorities. Do not cherish such fantastic ideas. It is quite impossible to make a parliamentary army out of an imperial army. We do not intend to let the defence of Germany depend each time on the vote of Parliament, and if you do not enable us, by passing this bill quickly and intact, to increase the army to what we consider necessary for the security of the country, we shall prefer to continue the discussion with another Reichstag. We shall no longer submit to a long discussion. We must have certainty. You will either pass the bill, or we shall be obliged to turn to others who will give us this certainty."

He counts evidently upon the German jealousy of other powers and the apprehension of trouble with France to sustain him. But his tone in speaking to Parliament is an insult to the country which it now represents. BISMARCK'S powerful personality dominates the situation, and bullies public sentiment. He is by far the most imposing figure in Continental politics since NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, and with all the anger with him and opposition to him, he is felt to be the bulwark of the German Empire.

PERSONAL.

A LEADING American novelist, who sometimes finds pleasure in frivolity, addressed a friend at luncheon as follows: "The date of the new year, 1887, records incidentally a banquet at which there was one gormandizer and many moderate eaters. How many moderate eaters were there, and how much did they consume?" Answer: Eighteen ate seven (18-8-7), and one ate eighty-seven (1-8-87).

—Mr. DE WITT J. SELIGMAN, of this city, has about completed his arrangements for the publication of the new weekly paper, *The Epoch*, and the first number will appear early in February. Mr. SELIGMAN has as coadjutors journalists and literary men of experience and reputation. It is announced that *The Epoch* will be devoted to the discussion of politics, finance, literature, science, art, music, the drama, and social topics, and that one of its distinctive features will be the publication of signed articles by men of acknowledged reputation on subjects of current interest with which they are specially competent to deal. Several men of eminence in public life are mentioned as having agreed to contribute to its columns, and members of the teaching faculty of the chief colleges, as well as of the scientific departments of the government service and the Smithsonian Institution, are said to have been secured as writers for *The Epoch*.

—Mr. T. B. CLARK'S collection of American oil-paintings now consists of about 140 works, all of them personally selected by him, and many of them representative of young painters who promise to become famous. Mr. CLARK has the most adequate and interesting exposition of GEORGE INNESS'S genius to be found in any collector's galleries; and through his kind words Mr. INNESS'S landscapes have found a hospitable greeting under the roofs of several other collectors also—Mr. GEORGE I. SENEY, for instance.

—Miss MARGARET MATHER as Juliet in SHAKESPEARE'S drama nightly awakens enthusiasm at the Union Square Theatre, especially in the tragic parts. Much playing of the rôle has made her nearly perfect in those parts; but in the lighter scenes she needs ease of manner and conversational tones.

—Mr. W. H. BISHOP, the novelist, spoke in terms of high praise, in a lecture at Columbia College, of the work of Mr. W. D. HOWELLS; and the audience, two-thirds of which were ladies, applauded him warmly. He thought it commendable in Mr. HOWELLS not to skirmish about in odd corners for bits of foreign life with gay local color, and declared that the novel of character, with its typical personages, represented the advanced stage of the art.

—President CLEVELAND'S social innovation in inviting the newspaper correspondents to his receptions as guests makes a distinct change in the courtesies of Washington life, and is a deserved tribute to many high-minded gentlemen.

—In an interesting letter on Mr. ROBERT BONNER, a correspondent of the Omaha *Herald* writes: "Mr. BONNER refuses to grind in the *Ledger* even the most infinitesimal of 'axes.' To all such appeals he is adamant. He frequently steels himself against his own sympathies in nerving himself to refuse such requests."

—Mr. IRVING M. SCOTT, of San Francisco, iron-founder and shipbuilder of the Pacific coast, began life as a mechanical draughtsman in the Union Iron-Works, of which he is now manager and chief owner. Like JAMES NASMYTH, he devoted his evenings to perfecting himself in mechanics, and he is regarded as one of the best mechanical engineers on the coast. In connection with Senator FAIR and WILLIAM H. PATTEN, he designed all the hoisting, milling, and refining machinery used in the Comstock Mines—the heaviest machinery of its kind in the world. Mr. SCOTT recently obtained the contract to build one of the new cruisers for our navy.

—Two well-known Chicagoans celebrated New-year's Day by taking into business partnership men who have heretofore been employed on salary. POTTER PALMER gave the manager and the head clerk of his hotel an interest in the business of the house, and J. H. MCVICKER, the theatrical manager, admitted his son HORACE and Mr. L. L. SHARPE to equal shares with him in the profits of McVicker's Theatre.

—Bishop WILLIAM BACON STEVENS, of Philadelphia, completed his twenty-fifth year in the episcopate on January 3. Not long ago he was on the beach at Old Point Comfort in a broad-brimmed hat and a hooked walking-stick, and a little girl asked her mother if Bishop STEVENS was the Good Shepherd.

—One of the first communications received by Mayor POND, of San Francisco, on assuming office last week, was a letter signed "Alpha and Omega," predicting that the city would be destroyed by an earthquake, and that the Napa Valley would be transformed into an inland sea.

—Dr. HENRY JACKSON MORTON, who has just resigned after fifty-six years of continuous service as rector of St. James's Church, Philadelphia, received his charge from Bishop WHITE, and Bishop WHITE was a correspondent and friend of Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON, these three active lives carrying back the touch of hands to the fingers that wrote *Rasselas*. Dr. MORTON had Commodores HULL and BAINBRIDGE in his congregation in his early days; he is himself descended from a Major-General of the Revolution, and Ludlow Street in New York was named after his wife's family. His son, Dr. HENRY MORTON, is the president of Stevens Institute.

JOHN ROACH

John Roach, the ship-builder, who died at his home, 624 Fifth Avenue, on January 10, was born at Mitchellstown, County Cork, Ireland, in 1815. His father was a farmer. The family was large, and money was

MATTHEW S. QUAY.
Photographed by Gutekunst, Philadelphia.
[See Article "The New Senators," Page 63.]

JOHN ROACH.—Photographed by Kurtz.

CHARLES B. FARWELL.
Photographed by Mosher, Chicago.
[See Article "The New Senators," Page 63.]

not plentiful with them. Ambition came to the boy early. He wished to make a way for himself, and when he was fourteen he had saved enough money from his own earnings to pay his passage to America. He landed in New York with only three shillings in his pocket, and went to work for James Allaire, an iron-founder. During his apprenticeship he earned $1 50 a week, and afterward, as a journeyman machinist, $9 a week. He was industrious and frugal, and when he was twenty-five had saved $1200. Depositing $700 of this money with Mr. Allaire, he started West, in 1840, with $500 in his pocket. He was thirty days in reaching that point upon the Illinois prairie where Peoria now stands. Here he determined to settle. He chose a tract of land, paid upon it what money he had, and wrote to Mr. Allaire for the rest of his savings, with which the purchase was to have been completed. The money never came. Mr. Allaire had failed, and young Roach returned to this city to resume the trade of a machinist. He worked for several years as a journeyman, and then started a foundery in company with three of his fellow-workmen. They grew timid of the venture, and he bought them out. At the age of thirty-six he was doing a prosperous business, and his fortune seemed assured, when another great misfortune overtook him. A boiler burst in his foundery, killing seven of his men, and wrecking the place. It was with great difficulty that he obtained enough money to rebuild and start again.

After this the success of Mr. Roach was rapid and without interruption. He became a ship-builder as well as an iron-founder. He owned half a dozen great forges, and a great shipyard. In 1868 he bought the Morgan Iron-Works, at the foot of East Ninth Street in this city, for $400,000. In 1871 he bought the ship-yard on the Delaware River, at Chester, Pennsylvania. Here he established a ship-building plant which covered 120 acres, and was valued at $2,000,000. Sixty-three vessels were built at this place in twelve years. They were built for the government and for corporations and private individuals. Part of his government work consisted of six of the great Monitors ordered in President Grant's administration. The last vessels built by Mr. Roach for the government were the three cruisers the *Chicago*, *Atlanta*, and *Boston*, and the despatch-boat *Dolphin*. On the refusal of the government to accept the *Dolphin* in 1885, Mr. Roach made an assignment, and his works were closed. They were reopened upon the acceptance of the *Dolphin* by the government, not long afterward. Three thousand men were employed in Mr. Roach's works here and at Chester. One hundred and fourteen iron vessels have been sent out from his yards, all told.

Mr. Roach is said at one time to have been worth $20,000,000. He was a man of great industry. For many years, it is said, his habit was to work in his regular business and at reading and writing sixteen hours a day. He made rules for himself early in life, and the rules which he made he followed. He said of himself: "When I started out in life I laid down a certain course of action, based upon certain principles which seemed to me sound. I did not conceive that I was a genius. I was very unlearned. It struck me as nonsense for a man to think of accomplishing anything in this world who did not have a definite object ahead of him, and who was not willing to undergo all things to attain it. . . . I determined to observe the laws of good morals, good habits, to be economical in everything, and to be untiringly industrious."

Mr. Roach died of a cancer similar to that which killed General Grant. It was seated in the roof of the mouth, and first demonstrated itself about a year ago. A surgical operation was performed in March last, but the cancer reappeared in July. Mr. Roach continued to attend to his business until December, when his strength failed.

SHAKE SHARP NEXT!

Justice. "You say it has *turned against you*, and you would like to try it in another county. It is true it has been abused, but you'll find it about the same everywhere. And it will be proved to you that in this case it is *not* better to give than to receive."

"YOU ARE A CONFIRMED SOMNAMBULIST."

THE CRUSADE OF THE "EXCELSIOR."

By BRET HARTE.

CHAPTER III.

Without exchanging another word with his escort, Señor Perkins followed him to the main-hatch, where they descended and groped their way through the half-obscurity of the lower deck. Here they passed one or two shadows that, recognizing the señor, seemed to draw aside in a half-awed, half-suppressed shyness, as of caged animals in the presence of their trainer. At the fore-hatch they again descended, passing a figure that appeared to be keeping watch at the foot of the ladder, and almost instantly came upon a group lit up by the glare of a bull's-eye lantern. It was composed of the first and second mate, a vicious-looking Peruvian sailor with a bandaged head, and, to the señor's astonishment, the missing passenger Hurlstone, seated on the deck, heavily ironed.

"Tell him what you know, Pedro," said the first mate to the Peruvian sailor, curtly.

"It was just daybreak, Patroño, before we put about," began the man, in Spanish, "that I thought I saw some one gliding along toward the fore-hatch; but I lost sight of him. After we had tumbled up to go on the other tack, I heard a noise in the fore-hold. I went down and found *him*," pointing to Hurlstone, "hiding there. He had some provisions stowed away beside him, and that package. I grabbed him, Patroño. He broke away and struck me here"—he pointed to his still wet bandage—"and would have got out overboard through the port, but the second mate heard the row and came down just in time to stop him."

"When was this?" asked Señor Perkins.

"Guardia di Diana."

"You were chattering, you fellows."

"Quien sabe?" said the Peruvian, lifting his shoulders.

"How does he explain himself?"

"He refuses to speak."

"Take off his irons," said Señor Perkins, in English.

"But—" expostulated the first mate, with a warning gesture.

"I said—take off his irons," repeated Señor Perkins, in a dry and unfamiliar voice.

The two mates released the shackles. The prisoner raised his eyes to Señor Perkins. He was a slight-built man of about thirty, fair-haired and hollow-cheeked. His short upper lip was lifted over his teeth, as if from hurried or labored breathing; but his features were regular and determined, and his large blue eyes shone with a strange abstraction of courage and fatuity.

"That will do," continued the señor, in the same tone. "Now leave him with me."

The two mates looked at each other, and hesitated; but, at a glance from Perkins, turned, and ascended the ladder again. The Peruvian alone remained.

"Go!" said the señor, sharply.

The man cast a vindictive look at the prisoner, and retreated sullenly.

"Did *he* tell you," said the prisoner, looking after the sailor grimly, "that I tried to bribe him to let me go, but that I couldn't reach his figure? He wanted too much. He thought I had some stolen money or valuables here," he added, with a bitter laugh, pointing to the package that lay beside him.

"And you hadn't?" said Perkins, shortly.

"No."

"I believe you. And now, my young friend," said Perkins, with a singular return of his beaming gentleness, "since those two efficient and competent officers and this energetic but discourteous seaman are gone, would you mind telling me *what* you were hiding for?"

The prisoner raised his eyes on his questioner. For the last three weeks he had lived in the small community of which the señor was a prominent member, but he scarcely recognized him now.

"What if I refuse?" he said.

The señor shrugged his shoulders. "Those two excellent men would feel it their duty to bring the Peruvian to the captain, and I should be called to interpret to him."

"And I should throw myself overboard the first chance I got. I would have done so ten minutes ago, but the mate stopped me." His eye glistened with the same fatuous determination he had shown at first. There was no doubt he would do as he said.

"I believe you would," said the señor, benevolently; "but I see no present necessity for that, nor for any trouble whatever, if you will kindly tell me *what* I am to say."

The young man's eyes fell. "I *did* try to conceal myself in the hold," he said, bluntly. "I intended to remain there hidden while the ship was at Mazatlan. I did not know until now that the vessel had changed her course."

"And how did you believe your absence would be accounted for?" asked the señor, blandly.

"I thought it would be supposed that I had fallen overboard before we entered Mazatlan."

"So that anybody seeking you there would not find you, and you would be believed to be dead?"

"Yes." He raised his eyes quickly to Señor Perkins again. "I am neither a thief nor a murderer," he said, almost savagely, "but I do not choose to be recognized by any one who knows me on this side of the grave."

Señor Perkins's eyes sought his, and for an instant seemed to burn through the singular, fatuous mist that veiled them. "My friend," he said, cheerfully, after a moment's pause, "you have just had a providential escape. I repeat it—a most providential escape. Indeed, if I were inclined to prophesy, I would say you were a man reserved for some special good fortune."

The prisoner stared at him with angry amazement.

"You are a confirmed somnambulist. Excuse me," continued the señor, with a soft, deprecating gesture, "you are, of course, unaware of it—most victims of that singular complaint are, or at least fail to recognize the extent of their aberration. In your case it has only been indicated by a profound melancholy and natural shunning of society. In a paroxysm of your disorder you rise in the night, fully dress yourself, and glide all unconsciously along the deck in pursuance of some vague fancy. You pass the honest but energetic sailor who has just left us, who thinks you are a phantom, and fails to give the alarm; you are precipitated by a lurch of the ship through an open hatchway: the shock renders you insensible until you are discovered and restored."

"And who will believe this pretty story?" said the young man, scornfully.

"The honest sailor who picked you up, who has related it in his own picturesque tongue to *me*, who will in turn interpret it to the captain and the other passengers," replied Señor Perkins, blandly.

"And what of the two mates who were here?" said the prisoner, hesitatingly.

"They are two competent officers, who are quite content to carry out the orders of their superiors, and who understand their duty too well to interfere with the reports of their subordinates, on which these orders are based. Mr. Brooks, the first officer, though fairly intelligent and a good reader of history, is only imperfectly acquainted with the languages, and Mr. McCarthy's knowledge of Spanish is confined to a few objurgations which generally preclude extended conversation."

"And who are you," said Hurlstone, more calmly, "who are willing to do this for a stranger?"

"A friend—equally of yours, the captain's, and the other passengers," replied Señor Perkins, pleasantly. "A man who believes you, my dear sir, and, even if he did not, sees no reason to interrupt the harmony that has obtained in our little community during our delightful passage. Were any scandal to occur, were you to carry out your idea of throwing yourself overboard, it would, to say nothing of my personal regret, produce a discord for which there is no necessity, and from which no personal good can be derived. Here at least your secret is secure, for even *I* do not ask what it is; we meet here on an equality, based on our own conduct and courtesy to each other, limited by no antecedent

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prejudice, and restrained by no thought of the future. In a little while we shall be separated: why should it not be as friends? Why should we not look back upon our little world of this ship as a happy one?"

Hurlstone gazed at the speaker with a troubled air. It was once more the quaint, benevolent figure whom he had vaguely noted among the other passengers, and as vaguely despised. He hesitated a moment, and then, half timidly, half reservedly, extended his hand. "I thank you," he said, "at least, for not asking my secret. Perhaps, if it was only—"

"Your own—you might tell it," interrupted the señor, gayly. "I understand. I see you recognize my principle. There is no necessity of your putting yourself to that pain, or another to that risk. And now, my young friend, time presses. I must say a word to our friends above, who are waiting, and I shall see that you are taken privately to your state-room while most of the other passengers are still on deck. If you would permit yourself the weakness of allowing the steward to carry or assist you, it would be better. Let me advise you that the excitement of the last three hours has not left you in your full strength. You must really give *me* the pleasure of spreading the glad tidings of your safety among the passengers, who have been so terribly alarmed."

"They will undoubtedly be relieved," said Hurlstone, with ironical bitterness.

"You wrong them," returned the señor, with gentle reproach, "especially the ladies."

The voice of the first mate from above here checked his further speech, and perhaps prevented him, as he quickly reascended the upper deck, from noticing the slight embarrassment of his prisoner.

The señor's explanations to the mate were evidently explicit and brief. In a few moments he reappeared with the steward and his assistant. "Lean on these men," he said to Hurlstone, significantly, "and do not overestimate your strength. Thank Heaven no bones are broken, and you are only bruised by the fall! With a little rest, I think we can get along without laying the captain's medicine-chest under contribution. Our kind friend Mr. Brooks has had the lower deck cleared, so that you may regain your state-room without alarming the passengers or fatiguing yourself." He pressed Hurlstone's hand as the latter resigned himself to the steward, and was half led, half supported through the gloom of the lower deck. Señor Perkins remained for an instant gazing after him with even more than his usual benevolence. Suddenly his arm was touched, almost rudely. He turned, and encountered the lowering eyes of the Peruvian sailor.

"And what is to be done for me?" said the man, roughly, in Spanish.

"You?"

"Yes. Who's to pay for this?"—he pointed to his bandaged head.

Without changing his bland expression, Señor Perkins apparently allowed his soft black eyes to rest, as if fondly, on the angry pupils of the Peruvian. The eyes of the latter presently sought the ground.

"My dear Yoto," said Señor Perkins, softly, "I scarcely think that this question of personal damage can be referred to the state. I will, however, look into it. Meantime, let me advise you to control your enthusiasm. Too much zeal in a subordinate is even more fatal than laxity. For the rest, son, be vigilant—and peaceful. Thou hast meant well, much shall be—forgiven thee. For the present, *vamos!*"

He turned on his heel, and ascended to the upper deck. Here he found the passengers thrilling with a vague excitement. A few brief orders, a few briefer explanations dropped by the officers, had already whetted curiosity to the keenest point. The señor was instantly beset with interrogations. Gentle, compassionate, with well-rounded periods, he related the singular accident that had befallen Mr. Hurlstone, and his providential escape from almost certain death. "At the most, he has now only the exhaustion of the shock, from which a day of perfect rest will recover him, but," he added, deprecatingly, "at present he ought not to be disturbed or excited."

The story was received by those fellow-passengers who had been strongest in their suspicions of Hurlstone's suicide or flight, with a keen sense of discomfiture, only mitigated by a humorous perception of the cause of the accident. It was agreed that a man whose ludicrous infirmity had been the cause of putting the ship out of her course and the passengers out of their comfortable security, could not be wronged by attributing to him manlier and more criminal motives. A somnambulist on ship-board was clearly a humorous object, who might, however, become a bore. "It all accounts for his being so deuced quiet and reserved in the daytime," said Crosby, facetiously; "he couldn't keep it up the whole twenty-four hours. If he'd only given us a little more of his company when he was awake, he wouldn't have gallivanted round at night, and we'd have been thirty miles nearer port." Equal amusement was created by the humorous suggestion that the unfortunate man had never been entirely awake during the voyage, and that he would now, probably for the first time, really make the acquaintance of his fellow-voyagers. Listening to this badinage with bland tolerance, Señor Perkins no doubt felt that, for the maintenance of that perfect amity he so ardently apostrophized, it was just as well that Hurlstone was in his state-room and out of hearing.

He would have been more satisfied, however, had he been permitted to hear the feminine comments on this incident. In the eyes of the lady passengers Mr. Hurlstone was more a hero than ever. His mysterious malady invested him with a vague and spiritual interest; his escape from the awful fate reserved to him in their excited fancy gave him the éclat of having *actually* survived it, while the supposed real incident of his fall through the hatchway lent him the additional lustre of a wounded and crippled man. That prostrate condition of active humanity which so irresistibly appeals to the feminine imagination as segregating their victim from the distractions of his own sex, and as it were delivering him helpless into their hands, was at once their opportunity and his. All the ladies volunteered to nurse him; it was with difficulty that Mrs. Brimmer and Mrs. Markham, re-enforced with bandages, flannels, and liniments, and supported by different theories, could be kept from the door of his state-room. Jellies, potted meats, and delicacies from their private stores appeared on trays at his bedside, to be courteously declined by the Señor Perkins in his new functions of a benevolent type of Sancho Panza physician. To say that this pleased the gentle optimism of the señor is unnecessary. Even while his companion writhed under the sting of this enforced compassion the good man beamed philosophically upon him.

"Take care, or I shall end this cursed farce in my own way," said Hurlstone, ominously, his eyes again filming with a vague desperation.

"My dear boy," returned the señor, gently, "reflect upon the situation. Your suffering, real or implied, produces in the hearts of these gentle creatures a sympathy which not only exalts and sustains their higher natures, but, I conscientiously believe, gratifies and pleases their lower ones. Why should you deny them this opportunity of indulging their twofold organisms, and beguiling the tedium of the voyage, merely because of some erroneous exhibition of fact?"

Later, Señor Perkins might have added to this exposition the singularly stimulating effect which Hurlstone's supposed peculiarity had upon the feminine imagination. But there were some secrets which were not imparted even to him, and it was only to each other that the ladies confided certain details and reminiscences. For it now appeared that they had all heard strange noises and stealthy steps at night; and Mrs. Brimmer was quite sure that on one occasion the handle of her state-room door was softly turned. Mrs. Markham also remembered distinctly that only a week before, being unable to sleep, she had ventured out into the saloon in a dressing-gown to get her diary, which she had left with her portfolio on a chair; that she had a sudden consciousness of another presence in the saloon, although she could discover nothing by the dim light of the swinging lantern; and that, after quickly returning to her room, she was quite positive she heard a door close. But the most surprising reminiscence developed by the late incident was from Mrs. Brimmer's nurse, Susan. As it apparently demonstrated the fact that Mr. Hurlstone not only walked but *talked* in his sleep, it possessed a more mysterious significance. It seemed that Susan was awakened one night by the sound of voices, and opening her door softly, saw a figure which she at first supposed to be the Señor Perkins, but which she now was satisfied was poor Mr. Hurlstone. As there was no one else to be seen, the voices must have proceeded from that single figure; and being in a strange and unknown tongue, were inexpressibly weird and awful. When pressed to remember what was said, she could only distinguish one word—a woman's name—Virgil—Vigil—no—Virginescia!

"It must have been one of those creatures at Callao, whose pictures you can buy for ten cents," said Mrs. Brimmer.

"But surely, Miss Keene," said Miss Chubb, turning to that young lady, who had taken only the part of a passive listener to this colloquy, and was gazing over the railing at the sinking sun, "surely *you* can tell us something about this poor young man. If I don't mistake, you are the only person he ever honored with his conversation."

"And only once, I think," said the young girl, slightly coloring. "He happened to be sitting next to me on deck, and I believe he spoke only out of politeness. At least he seemed very quiet and reserved, and talked on general topics, and I thought very intelligently. I—should have thought—I mean"—she continued, hesitatingly—"I thought he was an educated gentleman."

"That isn't at all inconsistent with photographs or sleep-walking," said Mrs. Brimmer, with one of her vague simplicities. "Uncle Quincy brought home a whole sheaf of those women whom he said he'd met; and one of my cousins, who was educated at Heidelberg, used to walk in his sleep, as it were, all over Europe."

"Did you notice anything queer in his eyes, Miss Keene?" asked Miss Chubb, vivaciously.

Miss Keene had noticed that his eyes were his best feature, albeit somewhat abstracted and melancholy; but, for some vague reason she could not explain herself, she answered, hurriedly, that she had seen nothing very particular in them.

"Well," said Mrs. Markham, positively, "when he's able to be out again, *I* shall consider it my duty to look him up, and try to keep him sufficiently awake in the daytime to insure his resting better at night."

"No one can do it, dear Mrs. Markham, better than you; and no one would think of misunderstanding your motives," said Mrs. Brimmer, sweetly. "But it's getting late, and the air seems to be ever so much colder. Captain Bunker says it's because we are really nearing the Californian coast. It seems so odd! Mr. Brimmer wrote to me that it was so hot in Sacramento that you could do something with eggs in the sun—I forget what."

"Hatch them?" suggested Miss Chubb.

"I think so," returned Mrs. Brimmer, rising. "Let us go below."

The three ladies rustled away, but Miss Keene, throwing a wrap around her shoulders, lingered by the railing. With one little hand supporting her round chin, she leaned over the darkly heaving water. She was thinking of her brief and only interview with that lonely man whose name was now in everybody's mouth, but who, until to-day, had been passed over by them with an unconcern equal to his own. And yet to her refined and delicately feminine taste there appeared no reason why he should not have mingled with his fellows, and have accepted the homage from them that *she* was instinctively ready to give. He seemed to her like a gentleman—and something more. In her limited but joyous knowledge of the world—a knowledge gathered in the happy school life of an orphan who but faintly remembered and never missed a parent's care—she knew nothing of the mysterious dominance of passion, suffering, or experience, in fashioning the outward expression of men, and saw only that Mr. Hurlstone was unlike any other. That unlikeness was fascinating. He had said very little to her in that very brief period. He had not talked to her with the general gallantry which she already knew her prettiness elicited. Without knowing why, she felt there was a subtle flattery in his tacit recognition of that other self of which she as yet knew so little. She could not remember what they had talked about, nor why. Nor was she offended that he had never spoken to her since, nor gone beyond a grave lifting of his hat to her when he passed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A TELEPHONIC BURGLARY.

By XENOS CLARK.

Mr. Bradley was standing not more than a foot from the telephone when it began ringing. Instantly applying the instrument to his ear, and calling "Hello!" he heard some one voice faintly back:

"Hello! Is that Mr. Bradley?"

"Yes," he replied. "Who are you?"

"Is it Mr. Henry A. Bradley, of Colton Hill?"

"Yes, sir, that is my name and residence. Who are you?"

"You must not be surprised, Mr. Bradley, but I am a burglar in your house on Colton Hill."

"What on the living earth do you mean?"

"Just what I say—a burglar in your house on Colton Hill, and talking with you here at the telephone. You are necessarily excited by this information, but try to compose yourself," the squeaking voice went on.

"Great Heavens! *Compose* myself! You infamous scoundrel, what are you doing in my house?"

"Precisely what I have said, Mr. Bradley. I am a professional burglar—I really hope you will take this quietly. It will be to your advantage, you know; I will show you that."

"I shall take it quietly, you poor sinner, by starting a squad of police up the hill after you in less than ten minutes. Say your prayers for strong legs, for you will need them more than you ever did before."

"You cannot do it, sir. Listen to me, and I will show you that I know all about the situation. In the first place, your house is the only one on this hill, except Mr. Boyd's, immediately across the street, and he is away in the country for the summer. In the second place, the nearest inhabited house is half a mile distant, at the foot of the hill, and the nearest telephone, except the one in your neighbor Boyd's, is at Winchester, five miles off. Now I know you might ring up the Winchester telephone, but it is a long way off, and besides, there is no squad of policemen there. I should not wonder if the town's single guardian were asleep somewhere in a corner. Don't you see that I know all about the place, and that you had better be persuaded to take it quietly?"

"What in the deuce do you want, anyhow?" queried Mr. Bradley, ignoring the question with which the burglar had ended.

"For one matter, to assure you that I am perfectly well posted in all your affairs, which will take but a few words. You are by present occupation, Mr. Bradley, treasurer of the Nonontauk Woollen Mills—"

"That's correct enough."

"—And the 30th of every month you go out to the mills with ten thousand dollars in greenbacks done up in a bundle, like groceries, for pay-day."

"Yes; we pay our employés monthly."

"You need not be at the trouble of answering; I will go right through with the facts of the case. As I say, the 30th of every month you go out to the mills. Well, the 30th came yesterday; but you missed the Lowell express, which you usually take, and you had to postpone your trip until to-day. So you took the local train instead, and you came out to Colton Hill, bringing the money home with you. Then in the evening, when sitting at supper, you told your wife that you disliked carrying the greenbacks so much about, and that you would leave them in the house until this afternoon, when you would call for them on the way to the mills. Have I been correct?"

"Possibly; but I must tell you that money is not there. It will be a great disappointment to you, but I brought it into the office this morning."

"Well, well, I will try to bear it. But listen to the rest of my tale. After supper you appeared to hide those greenbacks in some place upstairs, and this morning, for some reason, when you started for Boston with your wife, *you did not have the bundle* which you brought home with you yesterday. How am I to understand that?"

"By the use of your reasoning faculty. There are many ways of carrying money."

"My reasoning faculty is just what troubles me; the more I reason, the more I am convinced that the money is here in this house. Of course you will never admit it without some inducement, and I therefore have a plan to propose for the adjustment of this whole matter—on a basis of mutual benefit, I mean. I will now state it. My name is Smith, by-the-way."

"Very well, Mr. Smith. I cannot say that I am glad to make your acquaintance. I must say that our present relation seems to me very unconventional."

"Unconventional, Mr. Bradley, yes, but not without its conveniences. Just see. Though a burglar in this house, I am able, by means of the latest refinement of civilized invention, to converse with the very owner himself, who knows all its nooks and corners. And you also, the owner, are present at an occurrence of great importance to yourself, instead of remaining ignorant until all is over, as usually happens."

"Oh, well, if you talk in that way. Pray how and when did you enter my house, Mr. Smith, and how am I to know that you are, in fact, talking with me from there, and not from some other point on the line?"

"I entered at the rear kitchen window as soon as I saw you and Mrs. Bradley start down the hill. You can easily make sure of my presence here by asking me some question about the room."

"Very well. There is a small picture over the telephone. Can you describe it?"

"I can. It is an etching—three mice in a trap. It's by Rajon."

"You are undoubtedly on the premises. Yes, there's no question but that you are in my west sitting-room on Colton Hill. And being sure of the impossibility of interruption, since the nearest telegraph station is five miles distant, you have a feeling that you can take matters comfortably. Do I succeed in grasping your view of the situation?"

"Admirably; perfectly."

"You say also that you are in communication, by means of the latest refinement of civilization, as you express it, with the owner of this house, and that I, the owner, am as good as present at an affair of great importance to myself—though I don't see yet where the benefit to me comes in. But you have some plan to propose about that."

"Just so; it delights me to hear you take the matter so sensibly. The truth is, the arrangement that I have in view will be quite as much for your advantage as for mine; the money that is here—"

"No, no; you are mistaken."

"Oh, of course you must protest, Mr. Bradley, but I *know* that it is here, and—"

"Allow me—we cannot both talk at once, and I pay the rent for this telephone. It is true, indeed, that I did not bring in a bundle this morning, but I carried in the greenbacks quite the same, in one of my boot-legs, and they are in the safe now; so that if the plan you have to reveal relates to them, I feel quite sure that it will be disappointed."

"We shall see—we shall see. Did I understand you to say that you carried the greenbacks to the city in one of your boot-legs?"

"Yes, sir, in one of my boot-legs—the left one."

"I don't want to be inquisitive, but what sized boots do you wear?"

"Tens."

"Tens. I suppose you have three or four pairs of tens?"

"I suppose I have."

"Now, Mr. Bradley, before entering on this conversation with you, I spent some time in making a thorough search of your house, and as I was on the lookout for hiding-places, I ran my hands into several pairs of shoes, but, curiously enough, I did not find a single pair of boots."

"Ah! I see the inference. But I cannot find them myself half the time. You are a married man, and can understand that."

"What I understand is that you avoid the point at issue. The time is passing, and here we are, no nearer a settlement. Had you not better acknowledge the boots, to save time?"

"Never, sir. I *tell* you I *brought* them in my *boot-legs*."

"Well, well, we must compromise this, and get on faster; it is half past ten already. Suppose we say that by the necessities of the case I am convinced the money is here in the house, and that you by the necessities of the case are compelled to believe that it is in the city. But, to save valuable time, you agree to waive the point in dispute on my assurance that if you will listen further you may see reason to modify your belief, and I agree not to ask you any more questions about your boots, or to draw inferences from the answers you have already given about them. Do you accept that?"

"I accept it, though I must say—"

"For the love of brevity, make no more exceptions; time is flitting too fast. Can you not allow me to say what I have to say, and you remain quiet, and then you say what you have to say, and I remain quiet?"

"Very easily. It was *you* that interrupted *me*, you remember. But let that pass; I am listening with a hundred ears."

"Oh, very well, then. Here we are— But I had better begin at the first. Your house, as I have intimated, has been pretty thoroughly searched. I entered it, Mr. Bradley, soon after you left it, and have been at work ever since; and I was not afraid of Mrs. Bradley's returning, because the habits of your family have been a subject of quite close study to me for some months, and I knew that when Mrs. Bradley went in town she always spent the day there. I knew also that the children were away in the country, and that your wife was herself keeping house during their absence. You perceive that I am posted."

"Very much so."

"Yes. It is a good part of a year since I began watching your monthly trips to the factory. Some slip was sure to come, for that is human nature. At last human nature repaid my trust, and I caught you napping."

"How guilty you make me feel! I suppose that you deem yourself an instrument appointed

by the angelic powers to find out wicked cashiers?"

Not as bad as that; I will call myself simply a burglar, and leave the angelic powers to the modern business man. Well, as I was saying, I searched your house pretty thoroughly. I could find no money, and was about to renounce my task, when, my eye resting on this telephone, the conception of consulting you about the matter flashed through my mind. It seemed a venturesome experiment, but I rung up the central office, got connected with you, and here we are talking the matter over quietly. I shall soon be through now. Will you continue listening?"

"I am all attention."

"Good. I knew you were a man of quick wits, and that probably you would refuse to admit that the money is here, so I made a few preparatory arrangements before calling you at the telephone. In fact, I foresaw I should have to compel you in some way to reveal the hiding-place of that money, and this, Mr. Bradley, is the disagreeable part of my task. I never burned a house down before, but my mind is made up to burn yours down now unless you reveal to me right away where that money is hidden. Yes, sir. I have just brought up several armfuls of kindling-wood from the cellar, and have piled it in the hallway and wet it with a can of kerosene, so that it can all be touched off in a minute. Now, without multiplying words—"

"Without multiplying words, Smith, I defy you. Light the house, if you want to. You have got hold of the wrong man this time—yes, indeed."

"Fiddle-sticks! How you jump at conclusions! Can't you let me finish before you explode? Perhaps I'm not as dreadful as you think."

"Finish!—yes, if you ever will. Are you aware that you have been half an hour coming to the point?"

"A half-hour of interruptions."

"Well, well; henceforth I am silent. Let us by all means get through with this business. You have thoroughly searched my house, and you have piled up several armfuls of kindling-wood in the hall, with kerosene on it, ready to touch off in a minute; and here we are, as you say, quietly talking the matter over. What comes next?"

"What comes next is an alternative. The burning of your house, Mr. Bradley, seems quite needless, as well as disadvantageous to us both. Here is the case. On the one hand, if you refuse to give up the money, and compel me to burn the house, you'll lose both the house and the money. On the other hand, if you sensibly tell me where the greenbacks are hidden, you will lose the money, it is true, but you will save the house. In either case, the money is lost; you *cannot* save your employers' funds whatever you do, and you have simply to put that question aside. Well, put it aside. It now only remains for you to decide whether you will save your house or lose it, and I offer you that alternative. Does it appear a very difficult one to decide upon?"

"Smith, you were made for a logician, not a burglar. Your statement of the case quite resembles a lawyer's brief, and before we go any further I should like to ask you, if I may, whether your occupation has always been what it is at present, for you do not talk like an—an—"

"An outlaw?"

"Yes, that's it—in plain language. What is it that has brought you to the pass of piling up kindling-wood in other people's houses, and threatening them with conflagration after a thirty minutes' statement of alternatives?"

"A sense of humor. Did the absurdity of the world and its conventions never strike you? I was born with an unusual dose of that."

"But there is imprisonment for life, and such little matters."

"That strikes me as humorous too. Think of the conceit of locking a person up for life! Of course it is a justifiable hardship, but just think of the vastness of conceit implied in one man's walking up to another and clapping him into prison for all his born days. Merely as vastness of conceit it is very humorous. This is a ridiculous bubble of a world."

"It is a ridiculous bubble of a world; only I fear you under-estimate the disadvantages of laughing on the wrong side."

"I seem to be safe at present. Are you not going to answer my alternative?"

"Yes—the alternative; I was forgetting it. The trouble with that alternative, Smith, is that my mind sees another. As you say, the burning of the house seems entirely needless and disadvantageous to us both, but I should put it on different grounds. You assume that the money is out there, but I assume that it is in here. Here, then, is my case. On the one hand, if you insist on burning the house, you do not get the money, and you make yourself guilty of the crime of arson; on the other hand, if you sensibly go away with empty pockets, you leave the house for me, and are a guiltless man. In neither case can you have the money, for it is in here, and you have simply to put that question aside. Let us suppose you have put it aside. It now but remains for you to decide whether you will voluntarily make yourself liable for arson. What could be simpler?"

"Your argument is all sophistry—hollow sophistry."

"So bad as that?"

"Yes; and I will tell you the little fact that will prove it. It is that I am becoming an impatient man, and have, in fact, just taken a bunch of matches out of my pocket."

"Then you really intend to do it?"

"The matches, I tell you, are in my hand."

"Don't take the fatal step quite yet; there is a question I want to ask you. You remember my inquiring for some evidence that you really were in my house? Now how do you know that I am in my office?"

"I do not care whether you are or not."

"That seems to me a rather careless opinion. Here we are, Smith, talking over this burglary, and while I know exactly where you are, you have not the remotest idea where I am. Now suppose I am in Boyd's house, across the street from you: there is a telephone there."

"Yes, and suppose you are not."

"But I am. Here, in fact, we are, talking with each other at a distance of fifty yards, instead of many miles, as you have supposed."

"It is a likely story!"

"Oh, of course you are incredulous; but listen, and I will explain it to you. Understand, in the first place, that I do not carry large packages of money about with me without keeping my eyes open. I have known for several weeks that I was being followed by some one, and my employers have therefore set a watch, so that while you were waiting for me to trip, we were waiting for you to do the same. Yesterday evening the fatal hour came; you were discovered looking through my window, and then we knew what to expect today. Accordingly we arranged during the night that I should watch to-day in Boyd's house, with two policemen. It was to have been a busy day in the city, and I could ill spare myself from the office, but I told the telephone clerk to send all calls for me out here to Boyd's, and to this precaution I owe our conversation, which certainly has been a very extraordinary one. Unfortunately I cannot offer you an alternative, Mr. Smith; I must come over with an officer right away, and carry you off to the city. But you believe I am here now, do you not?"

"I believe it is all a weak fable."

"Will you look across the street?"

At this point Smith opened the blind beside the telephone at which he had been talking, and was not a little astonished to see Bradley leave the opposite house and cross the street in the company of a very competent-looking policeman. In a few moments they were at his side, and Bradley was saying, after a look at the burglar's undismayed countenance: "You now have an opportunity, Smith, for even more direct communication with the owner of this house than you have enjoyed heretofore. Here I am, as you see, and here is the policeman."

"Yes, we are all very much present. It resembles a scene in the pantomime."

"Ah! if it only were pantomime! So airy and ingenious a spirit as yours— But I will not waste words. Will you tell me where that pile of kindling-wood is? I think I should like to get it off the carpet."

"That? Oh, that was an invention of mine."

"And so you did not intend to burn the house, after all?"

"Perhaps not. At all events, I shall not do it now."

"I am inclined to wish, for your sake, that the whole affair were an invention. You have made a bad bargain with Destiny, I fear, this time."

"Never mind about me; I am lost in admiration of your cleverness. Come on; I'm ready. Well, well, it's a ridiculous bubble of a world."

SNOW IN NEW YORK STREETS.

Fortunately for almost everybody except the happy owners of sleighs, the annual snow-fall in New York is generally light—a fact which only renders more conspicuous the great inconvenience and the enormous amount of labor which follows upon the fall of any considerable amount of snow. The snow-storm which provided the people of New York with such delightful sleighing last week put upon those whose duty it is to clear the streets of snow an expense of between $5500 and $6000. It is a fact perhaps not generally known that the work of cleaning the streets of New York is divided between the Street-cleaning Department proper and a firm of contractors. All that portion of the city lying south of Fourteenth Street, with the exception only of Broadway, is supposed to be kept clean by the contractors, the annual contract price being between $322,000 and $323,000. As it is manifestly impossible to foretell the amount of snow that will fall during any winter, it would be manifestly unfair to require that the contractors should under any or all conditions keep the streets free from snow. The city can simply compel them to put their full force at work whenever a fall of snow occurs, and to keep that force in active operation until the snow is removed. As a matter of fact, on Sunday a week ago, 600 carts and nearly 1200 laborers were engaged in removing the snow from the streets of this city.

Of course, as New York is thoroughly gridironed with street car tracks, a very large portion of the city's surface is swept of its snow by the employés of the street railroad companies. With the exception of the Broadway line, none of these companies are compelled by law to clean any portion of the streets upon which their cars are run, but as horse-cars cannot very well be operated on snow-covered tracks, the companies are of course prompt in getting out their brooms and scrapers at every fall of snow. Under its charter the Broadway Railroad Company is required to clean all that portion of the great thoroughfare below Fourteenth Street lying within parallel lines drawn at a distance of two feet from the outside rails; but as there would of necessity be a confusion resulting from the presence of two entirely distinct bands or street-cleaners under different management, working at the same time on the same block, a division of the labor was made, under which the Broadway Street Railroad Company cleans Broadway from the Battery to Barclay Street, and the Street-cleaning Department takes charge of that portion lying between Barclay and Fourteenth streets. The forms of scrapers and sweeping-machines, erroneously called plows, are nearly identical on all the street railroads. Eight, ten, and sometimes twelve horses are hitched to these great cumbersome machines, which, being built largely of iron, are very heavy, but nevertheless go tearing through the streets after every fall of snow, sending the snow in clouds away from each side of the track. A picture of one of these machines in full operation on the Third Avenue line is shown in this issue. One of the greatest difficulties met with in the removal of snow from the streets of New York is the insufficient number of dumping places. By law the Street-cleaning Department has the right to throw snow into the North and East rivers from any pier, but the law is abortive, for the majority of the piers, being rented by private companies, are locked up at night, and are unavailable. Between Canal Street and Tenth Street there is absolutely no pier on the North River from which snow can be dumped. In the winter of 1880-81 the cost of removing the snow from the city streets was $60,000, the largest amount ever paid for that work.

LAYING PIPE FOR NATURAL GAS.

It is an extraordinary spectacle shown in the centre-piece of the accompanying illustration of the Ohio River aflame below Pittsburgh. When the mains in which the natural gas is conveyed across the river become in any way defective, and the gas escapes and rises through the water and is ignited on the surface, it burns in a beautiful blue flame, which might very well suggest the work of fairies, or, when it makes a more brilliant glare at night, of demons. The truth is, there is no end to the number and hardly a limit to the variety of picturesque effects produced by this fuel, which has revolutionized the industries of western Pennsylvania, and produced atmospheric changes and given light, if not sweetness, to the foggiest cities and towns in the Union.

The gas is so rare and so penetrating that the pipes in which it is conveyed from the wells to the places of consumption must have exceedingly tight joints; and the mains are laid with the greatest care, because a leak is not always easily discoverable. When it escapes under the river, for instance, a diver must repair the leaking pipe; and there is one difficulty in conveying natural gas that is not met with in handling manufactured gas or other gases or fluids that are transmitted through pipes—the supply cannot be cut off. It is cut off, of course, from particular furnaces or factories, and even in particular mains, but this is done only by turning it into waste pipes and allowing it to escape. The flow at the wells is perpetual, and the pressure never ceases. There are stations at convenient intervals along the route from the wells to the city where relief pipes are inserted; and at every point where large quantities of gas are consumed an exit is provided for it when the consumption ceases—at night, for instance—or whenever a less supply is demanded than has been provided for. There is no way to store it. As much as the wells yield must be used, or allowed to go to waste.

No way has yet been devised by which this rare and light substance can be conveyed a great distance, let us say from the wells in western Pennsylvania as far as Philadelphia. Oil can be pumped almost any distance; but the same force fails when applied to gas. Only up to a certain point, therefore, has any plan been devised for its utilization. Although there is no method to ascertain the quantity in the subterranean reservoirs, economy in its consumption is unavailing. The utmost that the companies who own and distribute it can do is to convey it in excellently constructed mains as far as it consents to flow, and there to consume all that can be used and allow the rest to go to waste.

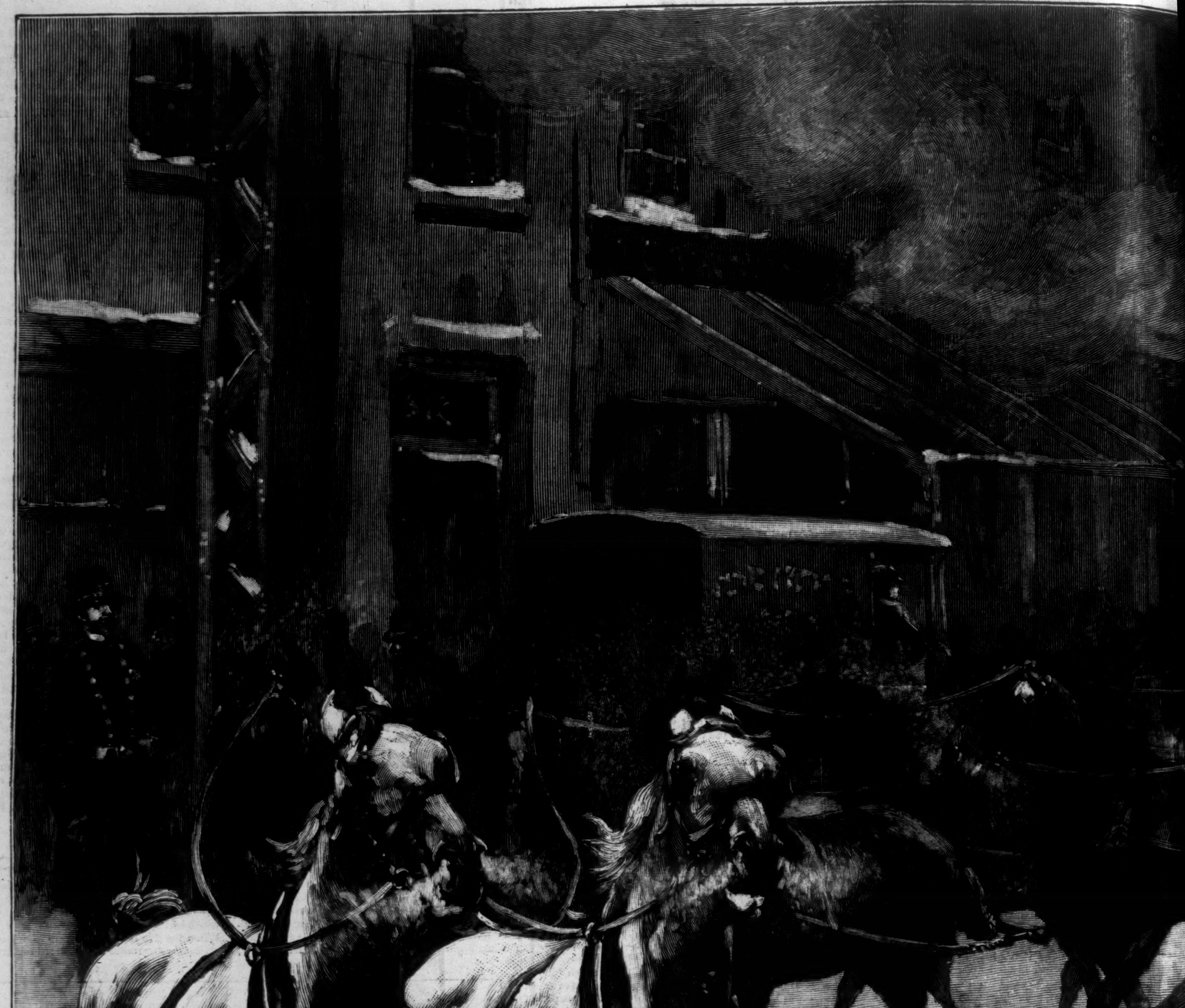
THE WRECK OF THE LIFE-BOATS.

On the morning of January 8, five members of the Life-saving Service on the southeastern coast of Virginia heroically sacrificed their lives in an effort to rescue the crew of a stranded German ship. At two o'clock in the morning, while a heavy snow-storm was falling and a very strong northeast wind was blowing, a patrol from the Little Island Life-saving Station, near Cape Henry, sighted a ship stranded on the bar about 800 yards from the shore. The patrol of the Dam Neck Station, which is adjacent to the other, was informed, and both fired rockets to notify the stranded crew that they had been seen. As quickly as possible the crews from both stations were assembled on the beach, opposite the ship, with their life-saving apparatus. The sea was very heavy—so heavy that the crew of the ship regarded an effort to reach the shore in their boats as more perilous than waiting on the sinking ship. The life-savers made repeated efforts with their mortars to shoot a line to the sailors; but it was beyond their range, and the ship was fast sinking in sight of land and of the life-saving crew. To reach them in a boat seemed impossible, but Captain Abel Belanga determined to risk his life in the effort. He selected his crew from the best men of each station, and pushed out. Their companions on the shore expected that the next wave would engulf them, but they reached the ship safely. Five of the crew were taken in the life-saving boat and ten more in the ship's own boat, and they pulled toward the shore. They had proceeded far enough to give those who were looking on hope of success, when a wave stronger than the boats could weather struck them, and capsized both. A strong wind drove them out to sea and then lashed them shoreward again until the stoutest of the men were drowned. Nine bodies were washed ashore during the morning, and successful efforts were made to resuscitate two of them, one of whom, however, was fatally injured. The names of the life-savers who so heroically endeavored to save the crew are Captain Abel Belanga, J. A. Belanga, J. W. Land, George W. Stone, Joseph Spratley, John Etheridge, and Frank Peckwood. Frank Peckwood and John Etheridge were resuscitated, but the latter is not likely to recover. All the rest, and the whole crew of the ship, were drowned.

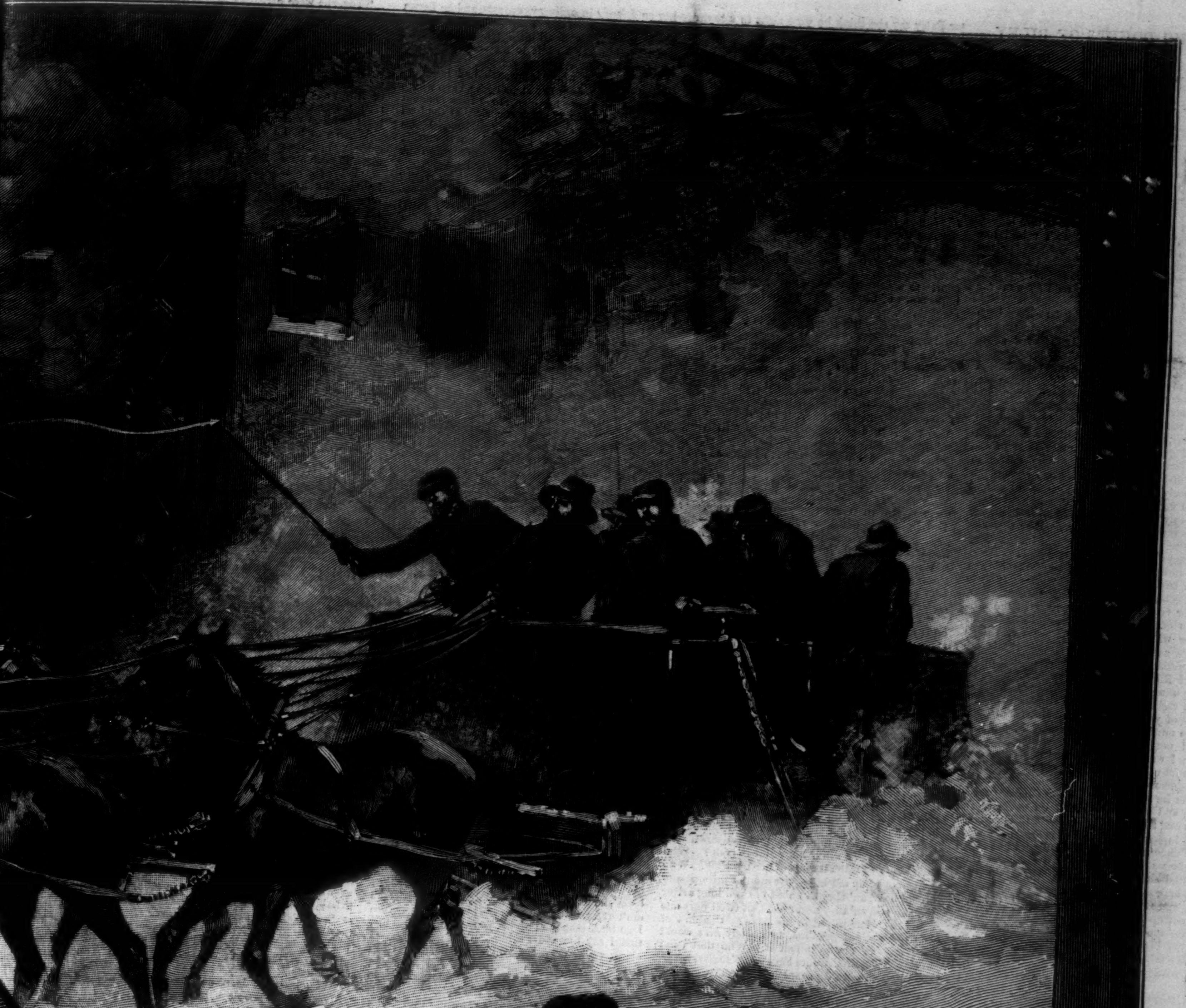
The vessel was the German ship *Elizabeth*, commanded by Captain Halberstadt, bound from Hamburg to Baltimore. The day after the night of the disaster the sea was so heavy that no effort was made to reach the ship, which yielded more and more to the storm. On the next day a wrecking steam-ship stripped the *Elizabeth*, which had by that time very nearly gone to pieces. When the five brave life-savers were buried, people came many miles to do honor to their memory.

FASHION'S SLAVE.

"Beats all what notions wimmin gits. Here's Samanthy, hain't been at boardin'-school more'n two weeks, a-writin' home ter mother thet she's got ter hev some '*striped hose*,' in order to keep up with the procesh. Blamed ef I kin see what she's gwine ter do with 'em. Some o' them new-fangled 'home made beautiful' ideas, I reckon, an' old uns 'il be ez good or better'n new."



A SNOW-STORM IN NEW YORK—CLEARING THE



TREETS.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 59.]

HISTORIC DOUBTS OF RILEY HOOD.

By R. M. JOHNSTON.

"'Tis far off,
And rather like a dream than an assurance."
—*Tempest.*

I.

MR. FRANCIS HOOD, a man of thirty-five, rather small, high-tempered, and impulsive, was married to a tall wife, who, though of much mildness of speech, had quite enough of courage for all necessary purposes. What he regarded his chief virtue was veneration for the aged—a virtue that he professed to fear might die out before long.

"Childern," he would say, "ain't raised like they used to be. They think they smarter not only than grown people, but *old* people, an' they'll 'spute thar words like *they* knowed all about it, an' old people knowed nothin'; an' they want the hick'ry, that whut *they* want."

These allusions were understood to have been made to occasional reports of what had been said by some of the boys in the neighborhood about certain statements of his grandmother, whom he had ever held in the very highest reverence. A native of the upper part of North Carolina, whence, after the war of Independence, the family had removed to Georgia, now a widow of fourscore, she resided with her granddaughter, Mr. Hood's sister, a mile distant. Ever a great talker, she had grown more and more fond of discoursing upon noted events that had occurred in her youth, and her reminiscences had begun lately to be received with some grains by all except her dutiful grandson. A few of these even Mr. Hood possibly might have felt himself at liberty to doubt somewhat if given by another than his grandmother. As it was, he regarded it his pious duty to accept and to defend all.

He had never so much as dreamed that his son Riley, now twelve years old, and with some little schooling, could have the audacity to controvert, and to her very face, any narration of the stirring times of which she spoke, and of some of which she was a part. Therefore few things could have astonished and disgusted him more than her telling him one day, while calling at his sister's, of Riley's having lately left the house after disputing with her about things that had happened right where she had lived, and scores on scores of years before Riley Hood was born, or ever so much as thought about.

"I did not, I did *not*, on my blessed word, gran'ma; I wouldn't of believed it of the impident. He'll not do it agin while *I'm* a-livin'."

Cutting short his visit, he returned home. Incensed as he was, he intended to be as cool as possible, and he was gratified on entering the house to find that Mrs. Hood was in the backyard engaged in some out-door business. In a voice low and unconcerned as he could put it, he called Riley, who was standing near his mother. Having ordered him to a seat on the top step, he took a chair, and, with his back to the door, thus began, in tones that painfully resisted the constraint put upon them with every word.

"Gittin' too smart, my young man, an' a danger of too big for your breeches. People tells me you so smart you got 'way up 'bove gran'ma, an' *she* acknowledge she know nothin' compar'd to you."

Riley, knowing what was safest, answered not, except with looks partly avoiding, partly penitent, and for the rest suppliant.

"Yes, sir, smarter'n *gran'*ma! that all the fambly ben a-lookin' up to from all—from all *generations*, sir, exceptin' o' you, sir. Now, sir, I'd be that proud that they ain't everybody I'd even speak too, ef I could believe *you'd* ever live to come anywhars nigh a-bein' as smart a man as your gran'ma—er as smart a 'oman—that is, as a—whutsonever—"

Here, feeling that Riley would laugh if he dared at this confused comparison, he grew more incensed and louder.

"Oh yes, sir; you want to laugh, do you? But you know who's who now; an' it ain't gran'ma you can conterdick an' run over, not by a jugful. Whut you got to say, sir, 'bout takin' up gran'ma 'bout the Rev'lution war? I want it quick, an' I want it squar, up an' down."

Riley looked up humbly, and seemed trying to find words adequate to express his remorse for obstructing transmission of the events of that historic age.

"Frank."

The sound was low; for Mrs. Hood's voice, like her husband's, was in inverse ratio to her size. But it had this peculiarity: the lower it sounded, the more it meant sometimes to convey. She merely called her husband's name, and paused in the doorway. He winced. He had never quarrelled with his wife. He loved her too well for that. Then he knew that she dearly loved his grandmother, always treating her respectfully and affectionately. He winced; but this served to enrage him more toward Riley, whom Mrs. Hood, as he well knew, had never upheld in anything approaching insolent behavior. During the remainder of this tripartite conference the boy never opened his mouth, Mrs. Hood spoke only to Mr. Hood, and he only to Riley. Stiffening himself yet more, and setting his chair so that his back was squarely toward the doorway, the accuser proceeded:

"Yes, sir; lemme hear 'bout your conterdictin' o' gran'ma 'bout the Rev'lution war, that everybody, exceptin' of you, an' not a-exceptin' o' your own blessed mothers, acknowledge to her a-knowin' more 'bout them times than anybody in this whole settlement, er anywhar around; an' it's left for you, you little—"

"Frank," said his wife, lowly, almost suppliantly, from behind, "it were only that gran'ma she insisted that Guilford Court House were in Virginny, an' Riley—an' the child say he done it polite—he corrected gran'ma, an' he say that sister Patsy say she think he were right in a-sayin' it were in North Callina."

Mr. Hood slid himself down somewhat in his chair, threw back his head, stretched out his legs, letting them rest wide apart on his heels, and looked scornfully at his son for several moments.

"Riley Hood," he then broke forth, "wuz *you* thar? I must supposen you wuz, an' that you had the layin' off of Old Virginny, an' North Callina to boot."

"Oh no, Frank; Riley, you know, if you'll rec'lect a minute, is thes twelve year old; an' this was in the Rev'lution war, before the child were borned, or, as to that, me an' you uther."

"I'd s'pose, then, sir, nobody could never of *altered* them lines."

"But then, Franky—"

These beginning words were almost inaudible. Now the softer her words, the more difficult, as Mr. Hood knew from experience, to maintain a course to which she was opposed, and he saw the importance of becoming yet more indignant and magisterial.

"Ho, yes, sir; it's *Franky* now, is it, sir? you impident—"

"Oh no, Franky; by no means. It ain't Riley. The child have too much respects of his father to call him *that*, as he know well enough he better have. It's me, an' I was goin' on to say that when gran'ma—an' bless her heart, *she* know how *I* love *her*—but when she went to put Yorktown, whar the British give up, right thar by Danville, an' make the Jeems River, an' the Staunton, *an'* the Roanoke all a-empt'in' clost to whar she lived an' intoo one another—"

"You inconsidible or'nary!" cried Mr. Hood, in profoundest, angriest disgust, "them towns an' them rivers all b'longs *to* you, don't they, sir? *You* built 'em, and *you* run 'em, an' you—the goodness laws of mercies! Whut *is* this generation o' boys a-comin' to?"

With a prudence commendable in the circumstances, he pocketed both hands, as if in apprehension of their seizing upon and throttling the audacious monster beneath him.

"Yes, indeed, Franky, an' when gran'ma went on to make Gener'l Washington whip Julus Cæsar at the Cowpens, an' the child—an' he done it respeckful—but he *told* gran'ma that Mr. Cordy say, an' he's a school-master, you know, that Julus Cæsar were dead an' buried before General Washington ever even started *to* the Cowpens—"

"Aha! aha! aha!" ejaculated Mr. Hood, in rapid sequence, adroitly changing his method of attack. "I jes now see whut's ben a-troublin' *your granduous* mind. It's gran'ma's *lies*. Ye are jealous of 'em, is ye, sir? Needn't be a-lookin' behind me. Look straight *at* me, sir. Who wuz it denied eatin' them green May-apples untwell they swelled you up 'ith the colic, an' you had to holler an' peach on yourself, an' your ma had to pour a cupful o' castor-oil an' ippercac down you, an' scall you in a tub o' hot water to boot? Who done *that?* I think it must of ben gran'ma. Who that penned up old billy-goat an' the little peach-orchid boar, an' they fit an' fit ontwell long arfter the sun sot, an' they never *did* quit twell nary one could see whar to put in his licks? Couldn't of ben nobody *but* gran'ma, as nobody *here* would own knowin' nothin' about it. Who that tried to git out o' pullin' White Face's calf's tail through the auger-hole in Jim mule's stall, an' were tyin' a knot in it when old Aunt Peggy come on you, an' you knowed I knowed, nigger as she wuz, she weren't goin' to tell no lies fer you ner agin you? *I* wouldn't be surprisened if old Aunt Peggy weren't mistakened, an' gran'ma done that too."

"No, Franky; you whipped the child well for them, an' I were glad you did, for he deserved all he got. An' it's not that gran'ma want to tell *lies*, nor Riley want to make out she do; for he's obleeged to know, like everybody know that know gran'ma, that she have ben as straightforwards an' truth-tellin' woman as ever lived or died, twell now she's old, an' her rielection's a-failin'; an' Riley, which to my certain knowledge actuil *dote* on his gran'ma; but when she went on about Gener'l Greene comin' up of a suddent on Nepoleon Nebonaparte, why, you see, my dear Franky—"

Mr. Hood, who for some time had sat with his hands clasped behind his head, and hammering with the heel of one foot the toes of the other, groaned in anguish, rose, rushed down the steps, turned round, and, as he retreated backward, shouted, in a terrific voice:

"Riley Hood, from now out, gran'ma's lies none o' your *business*, sir. She shall tell many as she *pleases*, sir. An', sir, I give you the birch ontel you can't squeal, ner squirm, ner—"

"Frank! Frank Hood!" screamed his wife, pointing toward the gate, "for gracious sake, look behind you!"

Turning, and seeing his grandma, he wheeled, rushed back to the house, through the backdoor, made for the field, and did not return until dusk.

II.

The reflections of Mr. Hood during the remainder of the day were so uncomfortable that he became uncommonly fretful toward the hands. He had left his poor grandma to fight her battle alone; yet somehow his recent defeat made him feel conscious that if he had remained he would have been unable to render to her assistance of any importance. But he could not but hope that his wife, regarding the great difference between the age of her assailant and her own, especially in her own house, would be as forbearing as possible consistently with her evident resolution to protect her offspring. The points of history in dispute he knew not precisely how to regard. Being almost without any education, he did not feel himself competent to judge, though he must have some apprehension that his grandma may have mixed Cæsar and Bonaparte rather too much with the thrilling scenes that she had been relating to Riley. Later he found himself growing sorry for his wife, in spite of his knowledge of her sufficiency in ordinary contests, and he began to sympathize with her in a possible first defeat, for he loved her with all his heart.

I leave him for a while to his various ruminations.

The old lady, whose approach had been observed so late, aiding her steps with a cane whose head towered above her own, stood for a moment at the gate, seemingly much surprised at the loud cries and singular actions of her grandson. When he had fled, she slowly advanced up the walk. Like his father, Riley retreated, but only into the house. His mother met the visitor half-way.

"What Franky ben a-fussin' so about, Betsy honey?" asked grandma. "I heerd him a-hollerin' an' a-bawlin' clean in the lane. What could of made him bile over so brash? Any o' the niggers make him mad?"

"Come in, gran'ma. Howdye. Glad to see you; *that* I am, you dear, precious gran'ma. Now you set right down in that rockin'-cheer. There, now; give me your bonnet. Warm this evenin', ain't it? 'special walkin'. But you do look *so* well and peert, gran'ma."

"I'm modrt, honey, thank the good Lord. But you hain't told me whut ail Franky, an' I ken but be oneasy what make him mirate 'ith his voices so heavy, an' run back'ards so rapid."

"Franky, gran'ma, were then a-scoldin' of Riley for denyin' of some—but which the poor child is sorry enough for it, an' never meant any impidence at all; an' ef I ever see a child that love an' have respects of his gran'ma, it's him. Riley! Riley!" she called; "here's gran'ma come to see us. Weren't that good in her? Come out an' tell her howdye. But first you open the top drawer of my bureau, an' take out an' fetch here that new cap you made me make for her; an' you handle it keerful precious, an' whatever you do, don't rumple it. Yes, ma'am; an' ef you'll believe me, gran'ma, that boy, here this very mornin', thes *made* me put down my work, an' go to makin' that cap he have made me promuss to make for his gran'ma, an' he bought the meturials hisself out of the store, an' paid for 'em out of his own cotton money; an' he het the iron for me, an' he set by an' watched me the whole blessed time I were at it tell I finished. Riley think a heap of his gran'ma, Riley do."

The boy soon appeared, holding modestly in his hand the new cap.

"Why, Godamighty bless the child!" exclaimed the old lady; "I don't know whut could of got *holt* o' Franky to be bawlin' that way at sech a fine boy. Franky ought to be 'shamed o' hisself, an' ef he hadn't of tuck hisself off so quick, I'd of give it to him good fer doin' of it. Come here, my child, an' let gran'ma hug him." Riley accepted the embrace gratefully. "He's a smart boy, an 'll make a man, ef he lives, shore's you borned. Why, Betsy honey, you mayn't know it about that boy, but he know a'ready right smart 'bout the Rev'lution war; an' whensonever he come to see gran'ma, gran'ma goin' to make it her business to p'int out to him more about them awful battleses. Gran'ma know all about *them*, because she were borned an' raised right thar whar they wuz fit, bless the child's heart. An' as for Franky, ef he ain't afeared to let *me* lay *my* eyes on him before I go back home to Patsy's, you tell him, from me, that I say I'm older'n him, an' by good rights I ought to know a good child an' a smart child when I come up 'ith him, an'— But laws me, Betsy honey, ain't you ben married long enough to found out before now what kind o' creeters men folks is? An' that many's the time they think they got to rip an' t'ar round, an' make out like they want to break everything in a thousan' small pieces, when a 'oman, ef she'll only jes keep her temper fer the times a-bein', an' let him do his bilin' awhile by hisself, arfter while, when he's biled over, he'll swage down an' git cooled all over agin. Ef you hain't, I tell you that now, because you young an' got your life to go through 'ith. It's the natur' o' the seck o' the nuniversal men people o' the good Lord's yeth, an' us women has to put up 'ith it the best we ken. They're borned that way, an' made that way. They don't allays mean nothin' by thar cavortin', no more'n a horse allays means by his snortin'—why, bless my soul, thar's a rhyme—an' bless the child's heart for not a-forgittin' of his old gran'ma! Ef it don't 'mind me o' the time, an' it war when Gener'l Greene cum a-ridin' by our house—"

The narration, which there is not space to give, was listened to with deepest attention and respect. When the visitor was gone, Riley said to his mother, "Well, ma, gran'ma, for me hereafter, she may make as many histories an' jographies as she want, an' go by 'em wharsonever they'll take her. She may have the Atlantic Ocean an' the Gulf o' Mexico, both of 'em, a-empt'in' in the Jeems an' the Staunton all in one place, 'ith the Roanoke flung in to boot, an' I'll not try to hender 'em. She may even pit Gener'l Washington an' the old man Noah agin one 'nother right at the door o' the ark, for me, an' I'll stan' aside an' let 'em fight it out theirselves, her an' them."

"I think I would, if I were in your place," she answered.

When Mr. Hood came home his face had never worn a more pleasant, affectionate expression. One would have thought that it would have taken days and days to work such a change. He was extremely anxious to hear account of the last battle fought by his gran'ma, and he had come prepared in his mind, like a loyal husband, to lift up, if sorely wounded, the wife of his bosom, and comfort her to the extent of every resource he had within him. No allusion for quite a length of time was made to the visit; but he was thankful to notice the moderately cheerful responses made by his wife to his most cheerful remarks. He did not speak a word to Riley, nor seem to be even aware of his presence, during the whole evening. After the latter had gone to bed, he said, "Oh, Betsy, my dear, I thought I saw gran'ma comin' as I left for the field this evenin'."

"Yes, she were here."

He waited for more in vain.

"Gran'ma fetch any news?"

"No, not *new* news. She did tell some things not egzactly like I've heard her before about Gener'l Washington, Debonaparte, an' them, but she were mostly took up 'ith the praisin' an' huggin' of Riley, an' the expressin' her opinions about men persons that flies into vi'lent passion in their families when no 'casion for it."

When she had told him the whole story he said: "Well, *apun* my soul! Whut *is* a feller to do in sech a case?"

"Why, the's nothin', Frank, ef you want to know. Nothin'. Because the' ain't nothin' to do nothin' about. Riley meant no disrespects of his gran'ma, an' which you ought to of knew, but he'll never conterdict gran'ma again, no matter how her rielections gits all mixed up, because the child don't natchel want to be thes eat *up* bodacious alive by his own father about Julus Cæsar nor nobody else. I knewed they weren't no 'casion for sech a harricane, because I knewed gran'ma, if she hadn't done forgot a'ready she'd forget all about it soon as she see that new cap, an' I were glad you weren't here when she let out on you."

He reflected for some time, then in a friendly tone said: "I sposen then gran'ma an' all thinks I ben making a fool o' myself, an' I ain't shore in my own mind but whut I has."

The contradiction that he had hoped for did not come. Yet when after several cordial assurances of self-reproach she kindly admitted that he was nobody but a man person, but as such he was in her opinion as good as the best of them, and to a certainty the dearest little fellow in this blessed world to her, he kissed her, kicked up his heels, and gloried in the occasion that had led to words that, coming not often, were the more welcome when they came.

THE COMING CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

THE most usual way of choosing delegates to a Constitutional Convention in our own and other States has been by direct popular vote. But hardly will it be claimed that the results have been generally satisfactory, or in any single instance very highly distinguished. This failure is in great measure directly due, no doubt, to the profound difficulty of the business; but the deeper and more general cause is to be traced in the obvious fact, the explanation of which will not here be undertaken, that popular election, while working to a charm in the officering of towns, does not, as a general thing, work at all well in large or populous constituencies. Our law-makers at Albany and Washington, and the aldermen of our great cities, with constituencies averaging perhaps ten thousand voters, are chosen in this way, but seldom, certainly, with the result of securing the right man for his business. And yet the constituency of a constitutional deputy, unless we would make the Convention a mob, will need to be a good deal larger than that of one of Troy's or Buffalo's aldermen, who, however honest they may be, so grossly prove to lack somewhat of the wisdom customarily imputed to long years.

But it is said: Don't distrust the people! You are knocking the very bottom out of democracy.

Not so. Here is no question of trusting or distrusting the people, because in such large constituencies as we have been speaking of, and as will be in this case absolutely necessary, the people have, and can have, nothing whatever to do but to take their choice between the candidates set up by party conventions, which nominating bodies will not on the average represent or indicate the preference of one voter out of twenty. The case is no different when both party conventions agree on a candidate, nor when a "citizens'" or "mass" meeting sets one up. In short, we must follow our leaders, or else vote in the air. This is all that popular election means in this case. Why this is necessarily so it would take too long to explain. The fact is certain. Where the power and the wishes of the people will really come in is when the conclusions of the Convention are submitted to us for approval or disapproval. And this is enough, for it suffices to keep from this great table of the law all the preparations of interest and all the abnormalities of folly.

But it is argued that our present Constitution confines to this manner of establishing a council for its emendation where it says, "The Legislature. . . . shall provide by law for the *election* of such delegates" (Art. XIII., Sec. 2).

But surely this is not to say that it is only by the people that an election can be held. Our Federal Senators can certainly be as properly said to be "elected" when they are chosen by the Legislature as if they were voted for by the people at large; the same if they were chosen by the Senate or Assembly alone. Granting that the language used forbids an appointment by the Governor, with or without the consent of the Senate or any other body, it certainly cannot be interpreted to exclude an independent choice or selection effected by the major preference in or among any number of individual suffrages.

This pretended difficulty got rid of, it remains to inquire on what body or bodies of men the responsibility of acting for us all in this so important and difficult a matter can be advantageously bestowed. Of course the Legislature naturally first, and almost alone, presents itself; and for my own part I am free to say that I should much prefer that kind of an Electoral College in this case, or almost any other respectable selection of citizens, who would be able to proceed with their business independently of nominating conventions, to the helpless mass of the people. But to this device the insuperable and conclusive objection at once occurs that such self-exaltation

and self-authorization on the part of the Legislature would involve an assumption of power that democracy would never forgive, as well as an almost unimaginable degree of impudence.

Is there, then, no refuge from the mixed chaos and servitude necessarily involved in direct popular suffrage in such cases? And must we be thus forever entangled in chains of our own devising?

Not necessarily by any means. Fortune, in this instance, has come to the help of democracy when skill was lacking. We have selected councils of men already established among us, each of which within its prescribed precinct is in all respects nigh miraculously qualified for the function in question—I mean the eight general benches of the Supreme Court; and my proposition is that on them the Legislature shall impose the duty and high responsibility of choosing, or "electing," members of the Constitutional Convention. If there be any solid objection to this plan, it is beyond my conception; and certainly it has many weighty considerations in its favor.

1. Besides that the judges of the Supreme Court are especially familiar with all the subjects that are to come before the Convention, which of course is so necessary to a good understanding of the qualifications which its members should possess, they also have, by virtue of their profession, age, and station, a more extensive acquaintance among the people of their precinct, and especially those more eminent for public abilities, than almost any equal number of men that could possibly be picked out.

2. They would, by all presumption, be as free from every partisan or other sinister influence in the discharge of this high duty as it is possible for common men to be. Add that they are, in fact, pretty equally divided between the two chief political parties.

3. If it still hold true that *noblesse oblige*, or that "honor is bred in places of trust," then surely will their present high promotion in the scale of public favor and distinction bind them securely to the most painstaking and conscientious discharge of this new duty.

4. Finally, these bodies now possess the entire confidence of the great bulk of the people, both in the regard of integrity and intelligence, and their action in this matter would inevitably give almost universal satisfaction. Indeed, who is there of us that would not prefer for this business a delegate of such selection to the nominee of one of our customary party conventions? or to the tumultuous and hasty, or too impassioned, or, more frequent still, the mere cat's-paw choice, of a so-called mass-meeting? or even to the secret detail for this post of one of his subject journeymen by the Grand Master Workman of the Knights of Labor, or of any other organization that loves secrecy? Would not many of the most intelligent of us actually prefer the dictation in this matter of these so specially qualified "committees" to our own individual choice, supposing it even possible to have it?

The next most important inquiry relates to the most advantageous number of delegates. And here arises, as my Lord Coke would say, "a diversity." If they are to be elected by the people, the larger the number the better, be it only short of that multitudinousness which makes real conference impossible, and inevitably turns any assembly of men, unless under military discipline, into a mere mob, whose best behavior is to jump along like sheep after the most adventurous among themselves. Because—and let the truth be marked—it is only by this numerousness of the whole Convention that the size of the district of the single delegate can be made so small as to bring him somewhat within the probable acquaintance, personal or neighborhood, of his constituents, without which acquaintance this constituent must in the great majority of cases cast an utterly blind, if not iniquitous, ballot. Another reason is that with this increase of their numbers grows the chance—and there will be much chance in all popular elections—of getting into the Convention some men of wisdom, force, and valor. Nevertheless, the roll should not much exceed three hundred, beyond which number personal acquaintance, actual conference, and even audible speech, swiftly grow from imperfect to impossible, and character and logic fast lose all their weight.

The evident importance of an elector's personal acquaintance with candidates is also a strong, if not decisive, argument in favor of single as against general districts and tickets, as well as against the growing custom of providing for a separate set and class of "delegates at large."

But if, on the other hand, these functionaries are to be selected in the manner here proposed, the question is altogether changed. Almost might it then be said, the fewer of them the better. For just as in every age or country there always have been one or two or half a dozen poets, thinkers, architects, warriors, or what you please, who stood, and doubtless will always stand, as high above all their own fellows as Saul did over his, so doubtless there must now live, scattered somewhere about in our own State, two, or three, or other small number of its citizens, possibly of narrow vocation and even smaller fame, who understand infinitely better than do the rest of us put together what it is that democracy really needs to do in order to rid itself of its present growing incumbrances, unsightly stains, and limping fetters, and make it free and powerful to achieve for itself the peace and liberty to which we still fondly believe it is so soon and so certainly destined. Indeed, it may easily be that there is again amongst us now another Hamilton, or Silas Wright at least, to whose single charge could only this entire business be committed, it would be for the people of the State about the very greatest of all Heaven's possible blessings. But, alas! who shall point him out? Could the Court of Appeals itself?

Also is it most certain that with all our half a dozen millions of people, the number is still exceedingly few who are esteemed or can claim to possess such a variety of intelligence and such soundness of understanding, such skill in law and such mixture of acuteness of sympathy with catholicity, as alone could justify them in meddling with any of the established institutions of society whatever. Here, above all, is it true that "fools rush in where angels fear to tread." If in these electoral colleges that I propose each elector were to have the nomination of a single delegate, he would still have enough to do to find the right man, or even a fit man. To give him twice that would double the hopefulness or chances of the search, free him from the accusation or the need of partisanship, and bring together just about the right number—some sixty-four—for thorough and ample consultation: a body too large for personal jealousy or rivalry easily to indulge itself, as happened, it is said, in our latest Convention, but large enough to stimulate by its attendance all noble aspiration for influence or applause—at once a forensic, a consultative, and a judicial body.

I cannot but confidently believe that a Constitutional Convention so assembled would leave their record in no cob-house work of children or dugouts of scanted pioneers, much less in such new-invented washing-machine devices as deceive women, but in such high and honest elaborations of State architecture as will not leave this generation ashamed to follow in the procession of the founders of the republic.

It has been somewhat the custom of Legislatures to impose a limitation of time on the work or the session of a Constitutional Convention. If our own law-givers should in this case repeat so gross an incivility and violation of the highest prerogative of the people, it is to be hoped that it will be disregarded. The present Constitution of the State gives them a subordinate and almost mechanical part in bringing this body into existence, but no authority whatever to snuff it out. If anything at all worthy of our somewhat boastful American democracy, or even of one fraction of it, is to result from this solemn consultation of the people's special representatives, they must have plenty of time—how much they alone can judge—time not only to appoint committees, hear their reports, and call the roll on their affirmation or rejection, which is about the way in which the infinity of poor business of this sort has been done, nor time alone for public discussion, but also time for private reflection and investigation, and for unlimited personal conference and consultation, until on every matter before them the mind of every man is fully made up, and the resources of the whole body exhausted.

Finally, the delegates ought to be suitably compensated. No other work in civil life is of such high importance, or requires higher faculties or larger attainments. It should be paid for accordingly.

Civis.

THE NEW SENATORS.

Matthew Stanley Quay, who will be the next United States Senator from Pennsylvania, was born at Dillsbury, York County, in that State, September 3, 1833. His father was a Presbyterian clergyman. The family removed to Beaver County while Matthew was still young; he was educated at Jefferson College, in Canonsburgh, and on graduating began the study of law in Pittsburgh. Before commencing practice he went to the Southwestern States, where for a short time he taught school in order to pay his expenses. In 1854 he returned to Beaver County, and resumed his law studies, and was admitted to the bar. The next year he was elected Prothonotary of the County, and was re-elected in 1859. When the war broke out, in 1861, he was called to Harrisburg to serve in fitting out the State forces, and in 1862 received the appointment of Colonel of the 134th Pennsylvania Regiment for nine months' service. He then became successively State Agent at Washington and Military Secretary to the Governor. He was elected to the Legislature in 1865, and two years after was a candidate for Speaker of the House, but was defeated. He next established the Beaver *Radical*, a strong Republican paper, and before 1870 was recognized as one of the leading forces in State politics, as he has been ever since. In 1872 he was appointed Secretary of the Commonwealth, and held this position for many years, save that during a short interval in 1878–9 he was Recorder of Philadelphia. He was chairman of the Republican State Committee in 1878, and has always been a leading manager in State politics, being allied with the Cameron interests. He is a man whose influence on national party politics may become marked, as he has an aptitude for management joined with much experience of its practical methods.

Charles B. Farwell, who was nominated by the dominant party in the Legislature of Illinois to succeed General Logan in the United States Senate, is, like Senator Stewart, of Nevada, a native of New York State. He was born at Painted Post, Steuben County, July 1, 1823, and was educated at Elmira Academy. His family moved to Ogle County, Illinois, when he was fifteen years old, and he worked on his father's farm, learning something also of surveying, until he was free. At the age of twenty-one he went to Chicago to seek his fortune, and first got a position in the office of George Davis, the County Clerk. In addition he found evening employment in a dry-goods store. His savings he began to invest in real estate, and while taking an interest in that pursuit got a place as clerk in a real estate office, where he remained three years. Next he shifted into a private banking house, and there remained until 1853, when he was elected County Clerk, and held the office eight years, until the outbreak of the war. By that time he had accumulated some money, and had invested it well; but the war enabled him to put it into various commercial enterprises, out of which he grew rich. Meanwhile his brother, John V. Farwell, was doing well in the dry-goods business in Chicago, and in 1864 he bought an interest in this. The business grew enormously, and is still very large, so that the new Senator will go to Washington as one of the millionaires in the Senate. In 1870 Mr. Farwell beat "Long" John Wentworth for Congress, after a most bitter personal campaign. He was elected again in 1872 and in 1874, and yet again in 1878. He spoke little in Congress, but had a good deal of influence on legislation. He is considered one of the shrewdest as well as most resolute and self-reliant business men in Chicago. He is a well-known club man, generous and charitable, and cool and self-poised in all the exigencies of business and public life.

William M. Stewart, who is to be the next Senator from Nevada, will find many old friends to greet him at Washington, for he has twice before been chosen from that same State to the United States Senate. Born in Lyons, Wayne County, New York, August 9, 1827, he removed in early life, with his father's family, to Trumbull County, Ohio, where he worked on the farm. At the age of thirteen he began to make his fortune by working on a neighbor's farm for eight dollars a month. But bent on getting an education, he managed to spend a large part of the next half-dozen years in attending an academy at Farmington, and a high-school at Lyons, his birthplace. This he accomplished by working for wages in vacation, boarding himself, working out his board, and so on, and at last by teaching. He entered Yale College in 1848, at the age of twenty. While there, the California gold-mining fever broke out. He left college early in 1850, arrived in San Francisco in May, and with pick and shovel went to work in the so-called Coyote Mines, which were among the most laborious. He quickly showed his energy by superior modes of ditching, and by starting a saw-mill; and the year after arriving, 1851, was a candidate for Sheriff of Nevada County, coming within a few votes of an election. Then he determined to quit mining and study law; and he was admitted to the bar the next year, and immediately appointed District Attorney. Promotion to anything and everything was certainly very rapid in the "diggings" in those days. The next year he was regularly elected to the same office, and two years later he was appointed Attorney-General, to act during the prolonged absence of the regular incumbent. Then he established himself in law at San Francisco, with Ex-Governor H. S. Foote and Judge Aldrich as partners, and within a few months married a daughter of the former. Soon, however, he returned to Nevada City, and there became deeply engaged in mining litigation. His next move was to that part of Utah now forming the State of Nevada, where there had been an eager rush to Washoe, and where there was much disputing over land claims. He had much to do with the settlement of the title of the mines on the great Comstock Lode, and large fees were paid to him. He was elected a member of the Territorial Legislature in 1861. Two years later he was elected a member of the Convention that framed the Constitution of Nevada. Then he was elected, at the age of thirty-eight, one of the first two United States Senators from Nevada, on the adoption of the State Constitution, being a Republican in politics. His term began in 1865, and at its expiration in 1869 he was re-elected to the Senate, his second term extending to March 3, 1875. He devoted much time to matters connected with mines and mining, being for a time chairman of the committee on this subject. After his term ended, in 1875, he resumed the practice of law in California and Nevada.

Colonel Francis B. Stockbridge, of Kalamazoo, who has just been elected Senator from Michigan, won a victory over strong opponents, among whom was Senator Conger, who was a candidate for re-election. He had a strong backing from the western part of the State, where he had long lived, and where he had been largely concerned for many years with the lumber and railroad interests, as well as with manufacturing and mining. He is a millionaire, corpulent, very good-natured, fond of laughing and joking, a noted lover of good trotting horses, liberal, and has always had the faculty of making himself a multitude of friends. He has been a free-handed contributor of funds for the success of the Republican party in Michigan, and received the backing of ex-Senator Ferry, who is also from the western part of the State, and supported its claims. Born at Bath, Maine, in 1826, he went West when a boy, and before he had reached his majority was deep in lumber interests. He established himself in Michigan in 1850. He has large lumber interests at St. Ignace and Black River, and on the Menominee River. He was a member of the State Legislature in 1869, and a State Senator soon after. President Grant appointed him Minister to the Hague, but the ill health of his wife forced him to decline the appointment. For the same reason he once gave up the chance of a nomination for Governor of the State, which everybody had conceded to him.

Ex-Governor Cushman K. Davis, of St. Paul, is to be the next Senator from Minnesota, in the place of Senator S. J. B. McMillan. He received an almost unanimous support from the Republican press before the meeting of the Legislature, and at the first ballot in the caucus, on the withdrawal of Mr. McMillan, received 93 votes out of 94, the nomination afterward being made unanimous. He is a man in the prime of life, about fifty years of age, a practising lawyer of high repute in St. Paul, a good debater, and much respected by those with whom he is brought into professional contact. He was popular as a Governor of the State, and has been devoted largely to the intellectual work of his profession, having been engaged in many important suits. Unlike several of the new Senators from the West, Governor Davis is not a rich man, although he has a large income from his law business. Among the Senators who have been re-elected, or whose re-election is certain, are General Hawley, of Connecticut, and Eugene Hale, of Maine. Their portraits were given in the Weekly for February 5, 1881.

THE JANUARY THAW.

The miseries of hunters and other wayfarers who are overtaken in the midst of a long jaunt on snow-shoes by the decided rise in temperature which usually occurs about the middle of January, are depicted in this number of the Weekly.

Popular faith in the inevitable annual recurrence of a midwinter *débâcle* has not yet been disturbed by scientific skepticism. People who long ago abandoned the theory of the "line storm," which was anciently supposed to be connected with the arrival of the autumnal equinox, still count on the January thaw. And in fact it is a safer chance that after a fortnight's grip of cold from the holidays onward the temperature will relax than that a balmy September will be broken by a gale. Indeed, if we may trust to the weather doctor of a New York journal "the midwinter thaw is not based on a vulgar fallacy, but on a great climatic law. It is due to the fact that the sun's expansive force in the southern hemisphere is now at its maximum, and consequently immense masses of vapor-laden air are driven out of that hemisphere across the equator into the northern hemisphere, where its vapor is condensed into heavy rains."

This explanation would connect our unfortunate friends in the illustration, and all others who may be in like or worse plight, with a great hemispherical operation. So much consolation may be offered them. Unhappily it is not only the pleasure-seekers on snow-shoes and skates, on toboggans and sleighs, who are most to be pitied, but those whose property is destroyed by the floods. For while, as all lovers of yachting can attest, last autumn's equinoctial gale was a dead failure, this year's January thaw came on time, with its customary destructive double floods, from the clouds above and from the melting snows.

THE PROBLEM OF HEALTH IN NEW YORK.

Poverty does not kill. It is one of the curious traits of the statistics of health that in the larger cities of Europe, where want and suffering most prevail, life is more secure than in the city of New York. Our well-fed population shows a death rate as high as that of Paris, and far beyond that of London. In Paris the poverty of a large part of its two millions of people is something of which we can scarcely form a conception. The hapless city pays the penalty of centuries of bad government in the misery of its inhabitants. Yet the people live on in spite of their misery. Half famished, starved with cold, hopeless, fierce with want, they are still as secure of life as the people of New York. And one cause is that the government has provided for the cleanliness and purification of the city. It has shown some regard for the general health.

The recent statistics from London show even a more remarkable condition of things. Intense poverty and suffering among those who labor seem only to have promoted the general health. Never, we are told, were so many honest workmen without employment, so many families stinted and starved, so many shivering half clothed and fed in the chill air of December, in the English capital. The cry of the poor is louder than ever. They crowd the political meetings and besiege the doors of the ministers. Yet within the last few months the health of London has even improved, and scarcely ever was its death rate so low. It has varied from seventeen or eighteen in a thousand to twenty-one or twenty-two. The December weather, the poisonous fogs, the snows, the chill inclement skies, have failed to make it as unhealthy as the finer climate of New York. The latest report reduces the death rate to about eighteen in a thousand. That of New York varies from twenty-two to twenty-six, and often rises far higher.

It is a plain proof of the utter incompetence of our city officials. In their struggle for office, their avarice, their selfish intrigues, their plain dishonesty, they leave the people to perish. The foul odors, the noisome streets, the beggary and crime enforced by official misconduct, the waste of the public money, the enormous taxation, the sufferings of the poor, and even of the honest working classes in their crowded tenements, the immoral examples and the vicious lives of many of our political rulers, are some of the causes that lead to the destruction of the public health. One would suppose that our citizens would long ago have insisted upon the election of officials who would give their whole energy to this important subject. One would fancy that they must rise in a single party against all who trifle with it. The welfare of their wives and children, all the enjoyments of life, the success in trade, the peace of every working-man's home, depend upon health. Health can be secured only by an honest government. But it is quite certain that the public officials of New York have been too closely engaged in their petty quarrels and intrigues to care or feel for the wants of the people.

With its finer climate, its admirable situation, its general intelligence, its busy people, our city should at least equal the European capitals in cleanliness and health. It is the fault of its people that it has not far surpassed them. "Health," said the ancient philosopher, "is the best of fortune's gifts." An honest government would soon restore it to us.

Eugene Lawrence.

HISTORIC DOUBTS OF RILEY HOOD.

By R. M. JOHNSTON.

"'Tis far off,
And rather like a dream than an assurance."
—*Tempest.*

I.

Mr. Francis Hood, a man of thirty-five, rather small, high-tempered, and impulsive, was married to a tall wife, who, though of much mildness of speech, had quite enough of courage for all necessary purposes. What he regarded his chief virtue was veneration for the aged—a virtue that he professed to fear might die out before long.

"Childern," he would say, "ain't raised like they used to be. They think they smarter not only than grown people, but *old* people, an' they'll 'spute thar words like *they* knowed all about it, an' old people knowed nothin'; an' they want the hick'ry, that whut *they* want."

These allusions were understood to have been made to occasional reports of what had been said by some of the boys in the neighborhood about certain statements of his grandmother, whom he had ever held in the very highest reverence. A native of the upper part of North Carolina, whence, after the war of Independence, the family had removed to Georgia, now a widow of fourscore, she resided with her granddaughter, Mr. Hood's sister, a mile distant. Ever a great talker, she had grown more and more fond of discoursing upon noted events that had occurred in her youth, and her reminiscences had begun lately to be received with some grains by all except her dutiful grandson. A few of these even Mr. Hood possibly might have felt himself at liberty to doubt somewhat if given by another than his grandmother. As it was, he regarded it his pious duty to accept and to defend all.

He had never so much as dreamed that his son Riley, now twelve years old, and with some little schooling, could have the audacity to controvert, and to her very face, any narration of the stirring times of which she spoke, and of some of which she was a part. Therefore few things could have astonished and disgusted him more than her telling him one day, while calling at his sister's, of Riley's having lately left the house after disputing with her about things that had happened right where she had lived, and scores on scores of years before Riley Hood was born, or ever so much as thought about.

"I did not, I did *not*, on my blessed word, gran'ma; I wouldn't of believed it of the impident. He'll not do it agin while *I'm* a-livin'."

Cutting short his visit, he returned home. Incensed as he was, he intended to be as cool as possible, and he was gratified on entering the house to find that Mrs. Hood was in the backyard engaged in some out-door business. In a voice low and unconcerned as he could put it, he called Riley, who was standing near his mother. Having ordered him to a seat on the top step, he took a chair, and, with his back to the door, thus began, in tones that painfully resisted the constraint put upon them with every word.

"Gittin' too smart, my young man, an' a danger of too big for your breeches. People tells me you so smart you got 'way up 'bove gran'ma, an' *she* acknowledge she know nothin' compar'd to you."

Riley, knowing what was safest, answered not, except with looks partly avoiding, partly penitent, and for the rest suppliant.

"Yes, sir, smarter'n *gran*'ma! that all the fambly ben a-lookin' up to from all—from all *generations*, sir, exceptin' o' you, sir. Now, sir, I'd be that proud that they ain't everybody I'd even speak too, ef I could believe *you'd* ever live to come anywhars nigh a-bein' as smart a man as your gran'ma—er as smart a 'oman—that is, as a—whutsonever—"

Here, feeling that Riley would laugh if he dared at this confused comparison, he grew more incensed and louder.

"Oh yes, sir; you want to laugh, do you? But you know who's who now; an' it ain't gran'ma you can conterdick an' run over, not by a jugful. Whut you got to say, sir, 'bout takin' up gran'ma 'bout the Rev'lution war? I want it quick, an' I want it squar, up an' down."

Riley looked up humbly, and seemed trying to find words adequate to express his remorse for obstructing transmission of the events of that historic age.

"Frank."

The sound was low; for Mrs. Hood's voice, like her husband's, was in inverse ratio to her size. But it had this peculiarity: the lower it sounded, the more it meant sometimes to convey. She merely called her husband's name, and paused in the doorway. He winced. He had never quarrelled with his wife. He loved her too well for that. Then he knew that she dearly loved his grandmother, always treating her respectfully and affectionately. He winced; but this served to enrage him more toward Riley, whom Mrs. Hood, as he well knew, had never upheld in anything approaching insolent behavior. During the remainder of this tripartite conference the boy never opened his mouth, Mrs. Hood spoke only to Mr. Hood, and he only to Riley. Stiffening himself yet more, and setting his chair so that his back was squarely toward the doorway, the accuser proceeded:

"Yes, sir; lemme hear 'bout your conterdictin' o' gran'ma 'bout the Rev'lution war, that everybody, exceptin' of you, an' not a-exceptin' o' your own blessed mothers, acknowledge to her a-knowin' more 'bout them times than anybody in this whole settlement, er anywhar around; an' it's left for you, you little—"

"Frank," said his wife, lowly, almost suppliantly, from behind, "it were only that gran'ma she insisted that Guilford Court House were in Virginny, an' Riley—an' the child say he done it polite—he corrected gran'ma, an' he say that sister Patsy say she think he were right in a-sayin' it were in North Callina."

Mr. Hood slid himself down somewhat in his chair, threw back his head, stretched out his legs, letting them rest wide apart on his heels, and looked scornfully at his son for several moments.

"Riley Hood," he then broke forth, "wuz *you* thar? I must supposen you wuz, an' that you had the layin' off of Old Virginny, an' North Callina to boot."

"Oh no, Frank; Riley, you know, if you'll rec'lect a minute, is thes twelve year old; an' this was in the Rev'lution war, before the child were borned, or, as to that, me an' yon uther."

"I'd s'pose, then, sir, nobody could never of *altered* them lines."

"But then, Franky—"

These beginning words were almost inaudible. Now the softer her words, the more difficult, as Mr. Hood knew from experience, to maintain a course to which she was opposed, and he saw the importance of becoming yet more indignant and magisterial.

"Ho, yes, sir; it's *Franky* now, is it, sir? you impident—"

"Oh no, Franky; by no means. It ain't Riley. The child have too much respects of his father to call him *that*, as he know well enough he better have. It's me, an' I was goin' on to say that when gran'ma—an' bless her heart, *she* know how *I* love *her*—but when she went to put Yorktown, whar the British give up, right thar by Danville, an' make the Jeems River, an' the Staunton, *an'* the Roanoke all a-empt'in' clost to whar she lived an' intoo one another—"

"You inconsidible or'nary!" cried Mr. Hood, in profoundest, angriest disgust, "them towns an' them rivers all b'longs to you, don't they, sir? *You* built 'em, and *you* run 'em, an' you—the goodness laws of mercies! Whut *is* this generation o' boys a-comin' to?"

With a prudence commendable in the circumstances, he pocketed both hands, as if in apprehension of their seizing upon and throttling the audacious monster beneath him.

"Yes, indeed, Franky, an' when gran'ma went on to make Gener'l Washington whip Julus Cæsar at the Cowpens, an' the child—an' he done it respeckful—but he *told* gran'ma that Mr. Cordy say, an' he's a school-master, you know, that Julus Cæsar were dead an' buried before General Washington ever even started *to* the Cowpens—"

"Aha! aha! aha!" ejaculated Mr. Hood, in rapid sequence, adroitly changing his method of attack. "I jes now see whut's ben a-troublin' *your granduous* mind. It's gran'ma's *lies*. Ye are jealous of 'em, is ye, sir? Needn't be a-lookin' behind me. Look straight *at* me, sir. Who wuz it denied eatin' them green May-apples untwell they swelled you up 'ith the colic, an' you had to holler an' peach on yourself, an' your ma had to pour a cupful o' castor-oil an' ippercac down you, an' scall you in a tub o' hot water to boot? Who done *that?* I think it must of ben gran'ma. Who that penned up old billy-goat an' the little peach-orchid boar, an' they fit an' fit ontwell long arfter the sun sot, an' they never *did* quit twell nary one could see whar to put in his licks? Couldn't of ben nobody *but* gran'ma, as nobody *here* would own knowin' nothin' about it. Who that tried to git out o' pullin' White Face's calf's tail through the auger-hole in Jim mule's stall, an' were tyin' a knot in it when old Aunt Peggy come on you, an' you knowed I knowed, nigger as she wuz, she weren't goin' to tell no lies fer you ner agin you? *I* wouldn't be surprisened if old Aunt Peggy weren't mistakened, an' gran'ma done that too."

"No, Franky; you whipped the child well for them, an' I were glad you did, for he deserved all he got. An' it's not that gran'ma want to tell *lies*, nor Riley want to make out she do; for he's obleeged to know, like everybody know that know gran'ma, that she have ben as straightforwards an' truth-tellin' woman as ever lived or died, twell now she's old, an' her riclection's a-failin'; an' Riley, which to my certain knowledge actuil *dote* on his gran'ma; but when she went on about Gener'l Greene comin' up of a suddent on Nepoleon Nebonaparte, why, you see, my dear Franky—"

Mr. Hood, who for some time had sat with his hands clasped behind his head, and hammering with the heel of one foot the toes of the other, groaned in anguish, rose, rushed down the steps, turned round, and, as he retreated backward, shouted, in a terrific voice:

"Riley Hood, from now out, gran'ma's lies none o' your *business*, sir. She shall tell many as she *pleases*, sir. An', sir, I give you the birch ontel you can't squeal, ner squirm, ner—"

"Frank! Frank Hood!" screamed his wife, pointing toward the gate, "for gracious sake, look behind you!"

Turning, and seeing his grandma, he wheeled, rushed back to the house, through the backdoor, made for the field, and did not return until dusk.

II.

The reflections of Mr. Hood during the remainder of the day were so uncomfortable that he became uncommonly fretful toward the hands. He had left his poor grandma to fight her battle alone; yet somehow his recent defeat made him feel conscious that if he had remained he would have been unable to render to her assistance of any importance. But he could not but hope that his wife, regarding the great difference between the age of her assailant and her own, especially in her own house, would be as forbearing as possible consistently with her evident resolution to protect her offspring. The points of history in dispute he knew not precisely how to regard. Being almost without any education, he did not feel himself competent to judge, though he must have some apprehension that his grandma may have mixed Cæsar and Bonaparte rather too much with the thrilling scenes that she had been relating to Riley. Later he found himself growing sorry for his wife, in spite of his knowledge of her sufficiency in ordinary contests, and he began to sympathize with her in a possible first defeat, for he loved her with all his heart.

I leave him for a while to his various ruminations.

The old lady, whose approach had been observed so late, aiding her steps with a cane whose head towered above her own, stood for a moment at the gate, seemingly much surprised at the loud cries and singular actions of her grandson. When he had fled, she slowly advanced up the walk. Like his father, Riley retreated, but only into the house. His mother met the visitor half-way.

"What Franky ben a-fussin' so about, Betsy honey?" asked grandma. "I heerd him a-hollerin' an' a-bawlin' clean in the lane. What could of made him bile over so brash? Any o' the niggers make him mad?"

"Come in, gran'ma. Howdye. Glad to see you; *that* I am, you dear, precious gran'ma. Now you set right down in that rockin'-cheer. There, now; give me your bonnet. Warm this evenin', ain't it? 'special walkin'. But you do look *so* well and peert, gran'ma."

"I'm modrt, honey, thank the good Lord. But you hain't told me whut ail Franky, an' I ken but be oneasy what make him mirate 'ith his woices so heavy, an' run back'ards so rapid."

"Franky, gran'ma, were then a-scoldin' of Riley for denyin' of some—but which the poor child is sorry enough for it, an' never meant any impidence at all; an' ef I ever see a child that love an' have respects of his gran'ma, it's him. Riley! Riley!" she called; "here's gran'ma come to see us. Weren't that good in her? Come out an' tell her howdye. But first you open the top drawer of my bureau, an' take out an' fetch here that new cap you made me make for her; an' you handle it keerful precious, an' whatever you do, don't rumple it. Yes, ma'am; an' ef you'll believe me, gran'ma, that boy, here this very mornin', thes *made* me put down my work, an' go to makin' that cap he have made me promuss to make for his gran'ma, an' he bought the meturials hisself out of the store, an' paid for 'em out of his own cotton money; an' he het the iron for me, an' he set by an' watched me the whole blessed time I were at it tell I finished. Riley think a heap of his gran'ma, Riley do."

The boy soon appeared, holding modestly in his hand the new cap.

"Why, Godamighty bless the child!" exclaimed the old lady; "I don't know whut could of got *holt* o' Franky to be bawlin' that way at sech a fine boy. Franky ought to be 'shamed o' hisself, an' ef he hadn't of tuck hisself off so quick, I'd of give it to him good fer doin' of it. Come here, my child, an' let gran'ma hug him." Riley accepted the embrace gratefully. "He's a smart boy, an 'll make a man, ef he lives, shore's you borned. Why, Betsy honey, you mayn't know it about that boy, but he know a'ready right smart 'bout the Rev'lútion war; an' whensonever he come to see gran'ma, gran'ma goin' to make it her business to p'int out to him more about them awful battleses. Gran'ma know all about *them*, because she were borned an' raised right thar whar they wuz fit, bless the child's heart. An' as for Franky, ef he ain't afeared to let *me* lay *my* eyes on him before I go back home to Patsy's, you tell him, from me, that I say I'm older'n him, an' by good rights I ought to know a good child an' a smart child when I come up 'ith him, an'— But laws me, Betsy honey, ain't you ben married long enough to found out before now what kind o' creeters men folks is? An' that many's the time they think they got to rip an' t'ar round, an' make out like they want to break everything in a thousan' small pieces, when a 'oman, ef she'll only jes keep her temper fer the times a-bein', an' let him do his bilin' awhile by hisself, arfter while, when he's biled over, he'll swage down an' git cooled all over agin. Ef you hain't, I tell you that now, because you young an' got your life to go through 'ith. It's the natur' o' the seck o' the nuniversal men people o' the good Lord's yeth, an' us women has to put up 'ith it the best we ken. They're borned that way, an' made that way. They don't allays mean nothin' by thar cavortin', no more'n a horse allays means by his snortin'—why, bless my soul, thar's a rhyme—an' bless the child's heart for not a-forgittin' of his old gran'ma! Ef it don't 'mind me o' the time, an' it war when Gener'l Greene cum a-ridin' by our house—"

The narration, which there is not space to give, was listened to with deepest attention and respect. When the visitor was gone, Riley said to his mother, "Well, ma, gran'ma, for me hereafter, she may make as many histories an' jographies as she want, an' go by 'em wharsonever they'll take her. She may have the Atlantic Ocean an' the Gulf o' Mexico, both of 'em, a-empt'in' in the Jeems an' the Staunton all in one place, 'ith the Roanoke flung in to boot, an' I'll not try to hender 'em. She may even pit Gener'l Washington an' the old man Noah agin one 'nother right at the door o' the ark, for me, an' I'll stan' aside an' let 'em fight it out theirselves, her an' them."

"I think I would, if I were in your place," she answered.

When Mr. Hood came home his face had never worn a more pleasant, affectionate expression. One would have thought that it would have taken days and days to work such a change. He was extremely anxious to hear account of the last battle fought by his gran'ma, and he had come prepared in his mind, like a loyal husband, to lift up, if sorely wounded, the wife of his bosom, and comfort her to the extent of every resource he had within him. No allusion for quite a length of time was made to the visit; but he was thankful to notice the moderately cheerful responses made by his wife to his most cheerful remarks. He did not speak a word to Riley, nor seem to be even aware of his presence, during the whole evening. After the latter had gone to bed, he said, "Oh, Betsy, my dear, I thought I saw gran'ma comin' as I left for the field this evenin'."

"Yes, she were here."

He waited for more in vain.

"Gran'ma fetch any news?"

"No, not *new* news. She did tell some things not egzactly like I've heard her before about Gener'l Washington, Debonaparte, an' them, but she were mostly took up 'ith the praisin' an' huggin' of Riley, an' the expressin' her opinions about men persons that flies into vi'lent passion in their families when no 'casion for it."

When she had told him the whole story he said: "Well, *apun* my soul! Whut *is* a feller to do in sech a case?"

"Why, the's nothin', Frank, ef you want to know. Nothin'. Because the' ain't nothin' to do nothin' about. Riley meant no disrespects of his gran'ma, an' which you ought to of knew, but he'll never conterdict gran'ma again, no matter how her ricledtions gits all mixed up, because the child don't natchel want to be thes eat *up* bodacious alive by his own father about Julus Cæsar nor nobody else. I knewed they weren't no 'casion for sech a harricane, because I knewed gran'ma, if she hadn't done forgot a'ready she'd forget all about it soon as she see that new cap, an' I were glad you weren't here when she let out on you."

He reflected for some time, then in a friendly tone said: "I sposen then gran'ma an' all thinks I ben making a fool o' myself, an' I ain't shore in my own mind but whut I has."

The contradiction that he had hoped for did not come. Yet when after several cordial assurances of self-reproach she kindly admitted that he was nobody but a man person, but as such he was in her opinion as good as the best of them, and to a certainty the dearest little fellow in this blessed world to her, he kissed her, kicked up his heels, and gloried in the occasion that had led to words that, coming not often, were the more welcome when they came.

THE COMING CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

The most usual way of choosing delegates to a Constitutional Convention in our own and other States has been by direct popular vote. But hardly will it be claimed that the results have been generally satisfactory, or in any single instance very highly distinguished. This failure is in great measure directly due, no doubt, to the profound difficulty of the business; but the deeper and more general cause is to be traced in the obvious fact, the explanation of which will not here be undertaken, that popular election, while working to a charm in the officering of towns, does not, as a general thing, work at all well in large or populous constituencies. Our law-makers at Albany and Washington, and the aldermen of our great cities, with constituencies averaging perhaps ten thousand voters, are chosen in this way, but seldom, certainly, with the result of securing the right man for his business. And yet the constituency of a constitutional deputy, unless we would make the Convention a mob, will need to be a good deal larger than that of one of Troy's or Buffalo's aldermen, who, however honest they may be, so grossly prove to lack somewhat of the wisdom customarily imputed to long years.

But it is said: Don't distrust the people! You are knocking the very bottom out of democracy.

Not so. Here is no question of trusting or distrusting the people, because in such large constituencies as we have been speaking of, and as will be in this case absolutely necessary, the people have, and can have, nothing whatever to do but to take their choice between the candidates set up by party conventions, which nominating bodies will not on the average represent or indicate the preference of one voter out of twenty. The case is no different when both party conventions agree on a candidate, nor when a "citizens'" or "mass" meeting sets one up. In short, we must follow our leaders, or else vote in the air. This is all that popular election means in this case. Why this is necessarily so it would take too long to explain. The fact is certain. Where the power and the wishes of the people will really come in is when the conclusions of the Convention are submitted to us for approval or disapproval. And this is enough, for it suffices to keep from this great table of the law all the preparations of interest and all the abnormalities of folly.

But it is argued that our present Constitution confines to this manner of establishing a council for its emendation where it says, "The Legislature....shall provide by law for the *election* of such delegates" (Art. XIII., Sec. 2).

But surely this is not to say that it is only by the people that an election can be held. Our Federal Senators can certainly be as properly said to be "elected" when they are chosen by the Legislature as if they were voted for by the people at large; the same if they were chosen by the Senate or Assembly alone. Granting that the language used forbids an appointment by the Governor, with or without the consent of the Senate or any other body, it certainly cannot be interpreted to exclude an independent choice or selection effected by the major preference in or among any number of individual suffrages.

This pretended difficulty got rid of, it remains to inquire on what body or bodies of men the responsibility of acting for us all in this so important and difficult a matter can be advantageously bestowed. Of course the Legislature naturally first, and almost alone, presents itself; and for my own part I am free to say that I should much prefer that kind of an Electoral College in this case, or almost any other respectable selection of citizens, who would be able to proceed with their business independently of nominating conventions, to the helpless mass of the people. But to this device the insuperable and conclusive objection at once occurs that such self-exaltation

and self-authorization on the part of the Legislature would involve an assumption of power that democracy would never forgive, as well as an almost unimaginable degree of impudence.

Is there, then, no refuge from the mixed chaos and servitude necessarily involved in direct popular suffrage in such cases? And must we be thus forever entangled in chains of our own devising?

Not necessarily by any means. Fortune, in this instance, has come to the help of democracy when skill was lacking. We have selected councils of men already established among us, each of which within its prescribed precinct is in all respects nigh miraculously qualified for the function in question—I mean the eight general benches of the Supreme Court; and my proposition is that on them the Legislature shall impose the duty and high responsibility of choosing, or "electing," members of the Constitutional Convention. If there be any solid objection to this plan, it is beyond my conception; and certainly it has many weighty considerations in its favor.

1. Besides that the judges of the Supreme Court are especially familiar with all the subjects that are to come before the Convention, which of course is so necessary to a good understanding of the qualifications which its members should possess, they also have, by virtue of their profession, age, and station, a more extensive acquaintance among the people of their precinct, and especially those more eminent for public abilities, than almost any equal number of men that could possibly be picked out.

2. They would, by all presumption, be as free from every partisan or other sinister influence in the discharge of this high duty as it is possible for common men to be. Add that they are, in fact, pretty equally divided between the two chief political parties.

3. If it still hold true that *noblesse oblige*, or that "honor is bred in places of trust," then surely will their present high promotion in the scale of public favor and distinction bind them securely to the most painstaking and conscientious discharge of this new duty.

4. Finally, these bodies now possess the entire confidence of the great bulk of the people, both in the regard of integrity and intelligence, and their action in this matter would inevitably give almost universal satisfaction. Indeed, who is there of us that would not prefer for this business a delegate of such selection to the nominee of one of our customary party conventions? or to the tumultuous and hasty, or too impassioned, or, more frequent still, the mere cat's-paw choice, of a so-called mass-meeting? or even to the secret detail for this post of one of his subject journeymen by the Grand Master Workman of the Knights of Labor, or of any other organization that loves secrecy? Would not many of the most intelligent of us actually prefer the dictation in this matter of these so specially qualified "committees" to our own individual choice, supposing it even possible to have it?

The next most important inquiry relates to the most advantageous number of delegates. And here arises, as my Lord Coke would say, "a diversity." If they are to be elected by the people, the larger the number the better, be it only short of that multitudinousness which makes real conference impossible, and inevitably turns any assembly of men, unless under military discipline, into a mere mob, whose best behavior is to jump along like sheep after the most adventurous among themselves. Because—and let the truth be marked—it is only by this numerousness of the whole Convention that the size of the district of the single delegate can be made so small as to bring him somewhat within the probable acquaintance, personal or neighborhood, of his constituents, without which acquaintance this constituent must in the great majority of cases cast an utterly blind, if not iniquitous, ballot. Another reason is that with this increase of their numbers grows the chance—and there will be much chance in all popular elections—of getting into the Convention some men of wisdom, force, and valor. Nevertheless, the roll should not much exceed three hundred, beyond which number personal acquaintance, actual conference, and even audible speech, swiftly grow from imperfect to impossible, and character and logic fast lose all their weight.

The evident importance of an elector's personal acquaintance with candidates is also a strong, if not decisive, argument in favor of single as against general districts and tickets, as well as against the growing custom of providing for a separate set and class of "delegates at large."

But if, on the other hand, these functionaries are to be selected in the manner here proposed, the question is altogether changed. Almost might it then be said, the fewer of them the better. For just as in every age or country there always have been one or two or half a dozen poets, thinkers, architects, warriors, or what you please, who stood, and doubtless will always stand, as high above all their own fellows as Saul did over his, so doubtless there must now live, scattered somewhere about in our own State, two, or three, or other small number of its citizens, possibly of narrow vocation and even smaller fame, who understand infinitely better than do the rest of us put together what it is that democracy really needs to do in order to rid itself of its present growing incumbrances, unsightly stains, and limping fetters, and make it free and powerful to achieve for itself the peace and liberty to which we still fondly believe it is so soon and so certainly destined. Indeed, it may easily be that there is again amongst us now another Hamilton, or Silas Wright at least, to whose single charge could only this entire business be committed, it would be for the people of the State about the very greatest of all Heaven's possible blessings. But, alas! who shall point him out? Could the Court of Appeals itself?

Also is it most certain that with all our half a dozen millions of people, the number is still exceedingly few who are esteemed or can claim to possess such a variety of intelligence and such soundness of understanding, such skill in law and such mixture of acuteness of sympathy with catholicity, as alone could justify them in meddling with any of the established institutions of society whatever. Here, above all, is it true that "fools rush in where angels fear to tread." If in these electoral colleges that I propose each elector were to have the nomination of a single delegate, he would still have enough to do to find the right man, or even a fit man. To give him twice that would double the hopefulness or chances of the search, free him from the accusation or the need of partisanship, and bring together just about the right number—some sixty-four—for thorough and ample consultation: a body too large for personal jealousy or rivalry easily to indulge itself, as happened, it is said, in our latest Convention, but large enough to stimulate by its attendance all noble aspiration for influence or applause—at once a forensic, a consultative, and a judicial body.

I cannot but confidently believe that a Constitutional Convention so assembled would leave their record in no cob-house work of children or dugouts of scanted pioneers, much less in such new-invented washing-machine devices as deceive women, but in such high and honest elaborations of State architecture as will not leave this generation ashamed to follow in the procession of the founders of the republic.

It has been somewhat the custom of Legislatures to impose a limitation of time on the work or the session of a Constitutional Convention. If our own law-givers should in this case repeat so gross an incivility and violation of the highest prerogative of the people, it is to be hoped that it will be disregarded. The present Constitution of the State gives them a subordinate and almost mechanical part in bringing this body into existence, but no authority whatever to snuff it out. If anything at all worthy of our somewhat boastful American democracy, or even of one fraction of it, is to result from this solemn consultation of the people's special representatives, they must have plenty of time—how much they alone can judge—time not only to appoint committees, hear their reports, and call the roll on their affirmation or rejection, which is about the way in which the infinity of poor business of this sort has been done, nor time alone for public discussion, but also time for private reflection and investigation, and for unlimited personal conference and consultation, until on every matter before them the mind of every man is fully made up, and the resources of the whole body exhausted.

Finally, the delegates ought to be suitably compensated. No other work in civil life is of such high importance, or requires higher faculties or larger attainments. It should be paid for accordingly. CIVIS.

THE NEW SENATORS.

MATTHEW STANLEY QUAY, who will be the next United States Senator from Pennsylvania, was born at Dillsbury, York County, in that State, September 3, 1833. His father was a Presbyterian clergyman. The family removed to Beaver County while MATTHEW was still young; he was educated at Jefferson College, in Canonsburgh, and on graduating began the study of law in Pittsburgh. Before commencing practice he went to the Southwestern States, where for a short time he taught school in order to pay his expenses. In 1854 he returned to Beaver County, and resumed his law studies, and was admitted to the bar. The next year he was elected Prothonotary of the County, and was re-elected in 1859. When the war broke out, in 1861, he was called to Harrisburg to serve in fitting out the State forces, and in 1862 received the appointment of Colonel of the 134th Pennsylvania Regiment for nine months' service. He then became successively State Agent at Washington and Military Secretary to the Governor. He was elected to the Legislature in 1865, and two years after was a candidate for Speaker of the House, but was defeated. He next established the Beaver *Radical*, a strong Republican paper, and before 1870 was recognized as one of the leading forces in State politics, as he has been ever since. In 1872 he was appointed Secretary of the Commonwealth, and held this position for many years, save that during a short interval in 1878-9 he was Recorder of Philadelphia. He was chairman of the Republican State Committee in 1878, and has always been a leading manager in State politics, being allied with the CAMERON interests. He is a man whose influence on national party politics may become marked, as he has an aptitude for management joined with much experience of its practical methods.

CHARLES B. FARWELL, who was nominated by the dominant party in the Legislature of Illinois to succeed General LOGAN in the United States Senate, is, like Senator STEWART, of Nevada, a native of New York State. He was born at Painted Post, Steuben County, July 1, 1823, and was educated at Elmira Academy. His family moved to Ogle County, Illinois, when he was fifteen years old, and he worked on his father's farm, learning something also of surveying, until he was free. At the age of twenty-one he went to Chicago to seek his fortune, and first got a position in the office of GEORGE DAVIS, the County Clerk. In addition he found evening employment in a dry-goods store. His savings he began to invest in real estate, and while taking an interest in that pursuit got a place as clerk in a real estate office, where he remained three years. Next he shifted into a private banking house, and there remained until 1853, when he was elected County Clerk, and held the office eight years, until the outbreak of the war. By that time he had accumulated some money, and had invested it well; but the war enabled him to put it into various commercial enterprises, out of which he grew rich. Meanwhile his brother, JOHN V. FARWELL, was doing well in the dry-goods business in Chicago, and in 1864 he bought an interest in this. The business grew enormously, and is still very large, so that the new Senator will go to Washington as one of the millionaires in the Senate. In 1870 Mr. FARWELL beat "Long" JOHN WENTWORTH for Congress, after a most bitter personal campaign. He was elected again in 1872 and in 1874, and yet again in 1878. He spoke little in Congress, but had a good deal of influence on legislation. He is considered one of the shrewdest as well as most resolute and self-reliant business men in Chicago. He is a well-known club man, generous and charitable, and cool and self-poised in all the exigencies of business and public life.

WILLIAM M. STEWART, who is to be the next Senator from Nevada, will find many old friends to greet him at Washington, for he has twice before been chosen from that same State to the United States Senate. Born in Lyons, Wayne County, New York, August 9, 1827, he removed in early life, with his father's family, to Trumbull County, Ohio, where he worked on the farm. At the age of thirteen he began to make his fortune by working on a neighbor's farm for eight dollars a month. But bent on getting an education, he managed to spend a large part of the next half-dozen years in attending an academy at Farmington, and a high-school at Lyons, his birthplace. This he accomplished by working for wages in vacation, boarding himself, working out his board, and so on, and at last by teaching. He entered Yale College in 1848, at the age of twenty. While there, the California gold-mining fever broke out. He left college early in 1850, arrived in San Francisco in May, and with pick and shovel went to work in the so-called Coyote Mines, which were among the most laborious. He quickly showed his energy by superior modes of ditching, and by starting a saw-mill; and the year after arriving, 1851, was a candidate for Sheriff of Nevada County, coming within a few votes of an election. Then he determined to quit mining and study law; and he was admitted to the bar the next year, and immediately appointed District Attorney. Promotion to anything and everything was certainly very rapid in the "diggings" in those days. The next year he was regularly elected to the same office, and two years later he was appointed Attorney-General, to act during the prolonged absence of the regular incumbent. Then he established himself in law at San Francisco, with Ex-Governor H. S. FOOTE and Judge ALDRICH as partners, and within a few months married a daughter of the former. Soon, however, he returned to Nevada City, and there became deeply engaged in mining litigation. His next move was to that part of Utah now forming the State of Nevada, where there had been an eager rush to Washoe, and where there was much disputing over land claims. He had much to do with the settlement of the title of the mines on the great Comstock Lode, and large fees were paid to him. He was elected a member of the Territorial Legislature in 1861. Two years later he was elected a member of the Convention that framed the Constitution of Nevada. Then he was elected, at the age of thirty-eight, one of the first two United States Senators from Nevada, on the adoption of the State Constitution, being a Republican in politics. His term began in 1865, and at its expiration in 1869 he was re-elected to the Senate, his second term extending to March 3, 1875. He devoted much time to matters connected with mines and mining, being for a time chairman of the committee on this subject. After his term ended, in 1875, he resumed the practice of law in California and Nevada.

Colonel FRANCIS B. STOCKBRIDGE, of Kalamazoo, who has just been elected Senator from Michigan, won a victory over strong opponents, among whom was Senator CONGER, who was a candidate for re-election. He had a strong backing from the western part of the State, where he had long lived, and where he had been largely concerned for many years with the lumber and railroad interests, as well as with manufacturing and mining. He is a millionaire, corpulent, very good-natured, fond of laughing and joking, a noted lover of good trotting horses, liberal, and has always had the faculty of making himself a multitude of friends. He has been a free-handed contributor of funds for the success of the Republican party in Michigan, and received the backing of ex-Senator FERRY, who is also from the western part of the State, and supported its claims. Born at Bath, Maine, in 1826, he went West when a boy, and before he had reached his majority was deep in lumber interests. He established himself in Michigan in 1850. He has large lumber interests at St. Ignace and Black River, and on the Menominee River. He was a member of the State Legislature in 1869, and a State Senator soon after. President GRANT appointed him Minister to the Hague, but the ill health of his wife forced him to decline the appointment. For the same reason he once gave up the chance of a nomination for Governor of the State, which everybody had conceded to him.

Ex-Governor CUSHMAN K. DAVIS, of St. Paul, is to be the next Senator from Minnesota, in the place of Senator S. J. R. MCMILLAN. He received an almost unanimous support from the Republican press before the meeting of the Legislature, and at the first ballot in the caucus, on the withdrawal of Mr. MCMILLAN, received 93 votes out of 94, the nomination afterward being made unanimous. He is a man in the prime of life, about fifty years of age, a practising lawyer of high repute in St. Paul, a good debater, and much respected by those with whom he is brought into professional contact. He was popular as a Governor of the State, and has been devoted largely to the intellectual work of his profession, having been engaged in many important suits. Unlike several of the new Senators from the West, Governor DAVIS is not a rich man, although he has a large income from his law business. Among the Senators who have been re-elected, or whose re-election is certain, are General HAWLEY, of Connecticut, and EUGENE HALE, of Maine. Their portraits were given in the WEEKLY for February 5, 1881.

THE JANUARY THAW.

THE miseries of hunters and other wayfarers who are overtaken in the midst of a long jaunt on snow-shoes by the decided rise in temperature which usually occurs about the middle of January, are depicted in this number of the WEEKLY.

Popular faith in the inevitable annual recurrence of a midwinter *débâcle* has not yet been disturbed by scientific skepticism. People who long ago abandoned the theory of the "line storm," which was anciently supposed to be connected with the arrival of the autumnal equinox, still count on the January thaw. And in fact it is a safer chance that after a fortnight's grip of cold from the holidays onward the temperature will relax than that a balmy September will be broken by a gale. Indeed, if we may trust to the weather doctor of a New York journal "the midwinter thaw is not based on a vulgar fallacy, but on a great climatic law. It is due to the fact that the sun's expansive force in the southern hemisphere is now at its maximum, and consequently immense masses of vapor-laden air are driven out of that hemisphere across the equator into the northern hemisphere, where its vapor is condensed into heavy rains."

This explanation would connect our unfortunate friends in the illustration, and all others who may be in like or worse plight, with a great hemispherical operation. So much consolation may be offered them. Unhappily it is not only the pleasure-seekers on snow-shoes and skates, on toboggans and sleighs, who are most to be pitied, but those whose property is destroyed by the floods. For while, as all lovers of yachting can attest, last autumn's equinoctial gale was a dead failure, this year's January thaw came on time, with its customary destructive double floods, from the clouds above and from the melting snows.

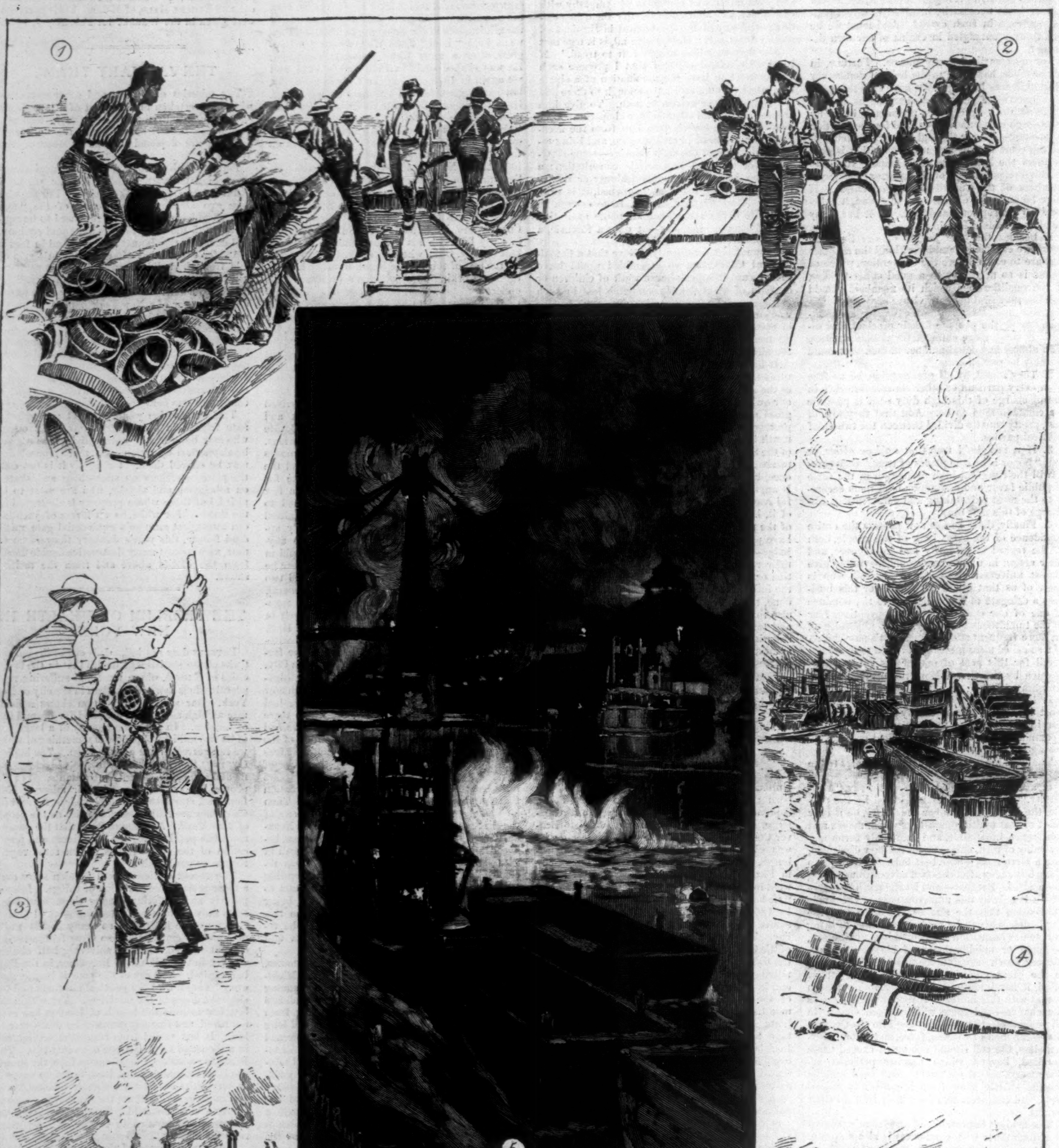
THE PROBLEM OF HEALTH IN NEW YORK.

POVERTY does not kill. It is one of the curious traits of the statistics of health that in the larger cities of Europe, where want and suffering most prevail, life is more secure than in the city of New York. Our well-fed population shows a death rate as high as that of Paris, and far beyond that of London. In Paris the poverty of a large part of its two millions of people is something of which we can scarcely form a conception. The hapless city pays the penalty of centuries of bad government in the misery of its inhabitants. Yet the people live on in spite of their misery. Half famished, starved with cold, hopeless, fierce with want, they are still as secure of life as the people of New York. And one cause is that the government has provided for the cleanliness and purification of the city. It has shown some regard for the general health.

The recent statistics from London show even a more remarkable condition of things. Intense poverty and suffering among those who labor seem only to have promoted the general health. Never, we are told, were so many honest workmen without employment, so many families stinted and starved, so many shivering half clothed and fed in the chill air of December, in the English capital. The cry of the poor is louder than ever. They crowd the political meetings and besiege the doors of the ministers. Yet within the last few months the health of London has even improved, and scarcely ever was its death rate so low. It has varied from seventeen or eighteen in a thousand to twenty-one or twenty-two. The December weather, the poisonous fogs, the snows, the chill inclement skies, have failed to make it as unhealthy as the finer climate of New York. The latest report reduces the death rate to about eighteen in a thousand. That of New York varies from twenty-two to twenty-six, and often rises far higher.

It is a plain proof of the utter incompetence of our city officials. In their struggle for office, their avarice, their selfish intrigues, their plain dishonesty, they leave the people to perish. The foul odors, the noisome streets, the beggary and crime enforced by official misconduct, the waste of the public money, the enormous taxation, the sufferings of the poor, and even of the honest working classes in their crowded tenements, the immoral examples and the vicious lives of many of our political rulers, are some of the causes that lead to the destruction of the public health. One would suppose that our citizens would long ago have insisted upon the election of officials who would give their whole energy to this important subject. One would fancy that they must rise in a single party against all who trifle with it. The welfare of their wives and children, all the enjoyments of life, the success in trade, the peace of every working-man's home, depend upon health. Health can be secured only by an honest government. But it is quite certain that the public officials of New York have been too closely engaged in their petty quarrels and intrigues to care or feel for the wants of the people.

With its finer climate, its admirable situation, its general intelligence, its busy people, our city should at least equal the European capitals in cleanliness and health. It is the fault of its people that it has not far surpassed them. "Health," said the ancient philosopher, "is the best of fortune's gifts." An honest government would soon restore it to us. EUGENE LAWRENCE.



LAYING PIPE FOR NATURAL GAS AT PITTSBURGH.—Drawn by W. H. Bull.—[See Page 59.]

1. Laying the Line. 2. Calking and pouring. 3. Diver repairing Line. 4. Group of Mains entering the River. 5. Surface of the Ohio below Pittsburgh.

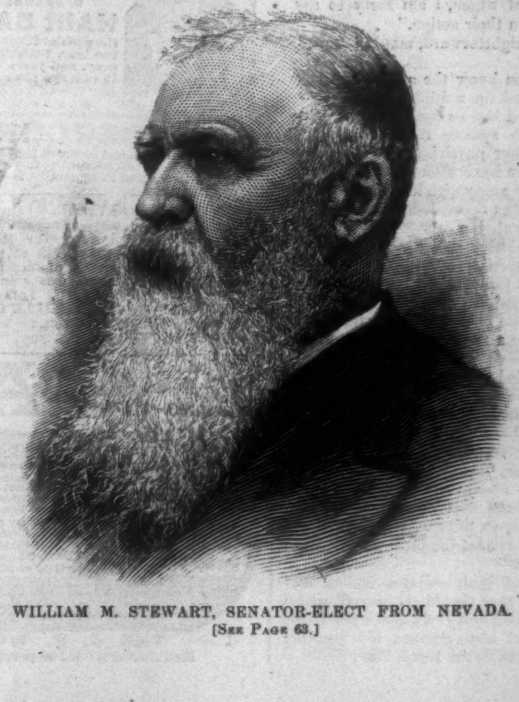
WARNER MILLER.—Photographed by the Notman Photographic Company.—[See Page 66.]

FRANK HISCOCK.—Photographed by C. M. Bell, Washington, D. C. [See Page 66.]

LEVI P. MORTON.—[See Page 66.]

A JANUARY THAW.—Drawn by J Macdonald.—[See Page 63.]

CUSHMAN K. DAVIS, SENATOR-ELECT FROM MINNESOTA. Photographed by C. A. Zimmerman, St. Paul.—[See Page 63.]



WILLIAM M. STEWART, SENATOR-ELECT FROM NEVADA. [See Page 63.]

FRANCIS B. STOCKBRIDGE, SENATOR-ELECT FROM MICHIGAN. [See Page 63.]

THE NEW YORK SENATORSHIP.

The election of a United States Senator for the State of New York occurs this week. Mr. Miller has from the beginning of the canvass been a candidate for re-election. Mr. Levi P. Morton, of New York city, who was a candidate two years ago, has also sought the place, beginning his efforts with the election of members of the State Senate and Assembly. Aside from the supporters of these two candidates, there have been others who favored the election of Mr. Frank Hiscock, now a member of the Lower House of Congress for the Twenty-fifth District.

Warner Miller was born in Oswego County, New York, August 12, 1838, and is of German descent, his ancestors having come to this country before the Revolutionary war. His grandfather was a Colonel in that struggle. Mr. Miller was educated in the common schools of his native county, and at Union College, Schenectady, graduating at that institution in 1860. On the breaking out of the civil war he enlisted as a private in the Fifth New York Cavalry, and was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant. He was taken prisoner at Winchester and paroled on the field. After the expiration of his term of service he visited Europe, and on his return established himself at Herkimer as a manufacturer of paper, a business in which he is still engaged in connection with farming. He was a delegate to the Republican National Convention in 1872, and was a member of the State Assembly in 1874 and 1875. He was elected to the Forty-sixth Congress and re-elected to the Forty-seventh. After the resignations of Senators Conkling and Platt in 1881 he was chosen, after a memorable contest, to succeed the latter on the 16th of June.

Levi Parsons Morton was born in the little town of Shoreham, Vermont, May 16, 1824, his father being the Rev. Daniel Morton. He showed an early preference for business pursuits, and at the age of sixteen entered a country store. In 1849 he went to Boston, and though possessed of little capital, was admitted as a partner in a prominent mercantile firm. Five years later he removed to New York. In 1863 he established the banking house of Morton, Bliss, & Co., with a branch in London under the name of Morton, Rose, & Co. In 1878 he was elected to Congress from the Eleventh District of New York. He was re-elected two years later. On General Garfield's accession to the Presidency he appointed Mr. Morton Minister to France, where he served with credit until after the election of Mr. Cleveland.

Frank Hiscock, whose home is at Syracuse, was born in the town of Pompey, September 6, 1834. His education did not go beyond a course in a country academy, after which he devoted himself to the study of law. He was admitted to the bar in 1855, and began practice at Tully, in Onondaga County. He afterward removed to the county seat, Syracuse, where he rose rapidly in his profession, and attained a leading position at the bar. He served as District Attorney of the county from 1860 to 1863, and in 1867 was a member of the Constitutional Convention. Mr. Hiscock began his political career as a Republican, but in 1872 went with the so-called Liberal movement, and supported Horace Greeley for President. In 1876 he was back in the Republican party, and was nominated for Congress in the district composed of Cortland and Onondaga counties. He was elected, and has served in the House of Representatives ever since.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
IN CONSTIPATION.

Dr. J. N. Robinson, Medina, O., says: "In cases of indigestion, constipation, and nervous prostration, its results are happy."—[*Adv.*]

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For the relief of Coughs, Colds, and Throat Diseases, has given them a favorable notoriety. *Rev. Henry Ward Beecher* says: "Have never changed my mind respecting them from the first, except I think yet better of that which I began by thinking well of." *Sold only in boxes.*—[*Adv.*]

PROF. DOREMUS ON TOILET SOAPS:

"*You have demonstrated that a* Perfectly *pure soap may be made. I, therefore, cordially commend to ladies and to the community in general the employment of your pure 'La Belle' toilet soap over any adulterated article.*"

Chas. S. Higgins' "La Belle" Bouquet Toilet Soap Being made from choicest stock, with a *large percentage* of Glycerine, is specially adapted for Toilet, Bath, and Infants.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

SHAMEFUL ABUSE

Heaped upon a Noted Englishman for His Open Honesty.

Wm. Ed. Robson, M.D., L.R.C.S.I., M.K.Q.C.P.I., late of the Royal Navy, of England, has got into professional trouble for writing the following open letter to the editor of the London *Family Doctor*:

"I believe it to be the duty of every physician to make known any means or remedy whereby sickness can be prevented, and it is for this purpose I write to give my experience both here and abroad. I ask the publication of the statement that people may be warned before it is too late, to say to them that there is at hand a means by which they may be restored to perfect health. It is well known to the medical world, and, indeed, to the laity, that a certain disease is making a terrible havoc; that next to consumption it is the most fatal, and that when fully developed there is nothing to be done for the sufferer.

"Physicians and scientists have long been trying to throw light upon the cause, and, if possible, find in nature a medicine for this fatal malady. They have shown, absolutely, that the blood-purifying organs of vital importance are the kidneys, and that when they once fail, the poison which they should take out of the blood is carried by the blood into every part of the body, developing disease.

"In my hospital practice in England, India, and South America, and also while a surgeon in the Royal Navy of Great Britain, I gave a great deal of attention to the study of diseases of the kidneys, and found that not only was the cure of chronic Bright's Disease hopeless, but that kidney disease was remarkably prevalent; much more so than generally known, and was the cause of the majority of cases of sickness, and, further, that the medical profession has no remedy which exerts any absolute control over these organs in disease.

"Some time ago when I had a case which resisted all regular treatment—which is very limited—complicated with the passing of stones from the kidneys, much against my will I permitted my patient to use Warner's Safe Cure, of which I had heard marvellous results. In his case the result was simply marvellous, as the attack was a severe one, and development very grave, for an analysis showed per cent. of albumen and granular tube casts.

"The action of the medicine was singular and incomprehensible to me. I had never seen anything like it. The patient recovered promptly, and is to-day a well and healthy man. This stimulated my inquiry into the merits of the remedy, and, after analysis, I found it to be of purely vegetable character, harmless to take under all circumstances.

"Casting aside all professional prejudice, I gave it a thorough trial, as I was anxious that my patients should be restored to health, no matter by what medicine. I prescribed it in a great variety of cases, Acute, Chronic, Bright's Disease, Congestion of the Kidneys, Catarrh of the Bladder, and in every instance did it speedily effect a cure.

"For this reason I deem it my duty to give to the world this statement regarding the value of Warner's Safe Cure. I make this statement on facts I am prepared to produce and substantiate. I appeal to physicians of large practice, who know how common and deceptive diseases of the kidneys are, to lay aside professional prejudice, give their patients Warner's Safe Cure, restore them to perfect health, earn their gratitude, and thus be true physicians.

"I am satisfied that more than one half of the deaths which occur in England are caused, primarily, by impaired action of the kidneys, and the consequent retention in the blood of the poisonous kidney acid. Warner's Safe Cure causes the kidneys to expel this poison, checks the escape of albumen, relieves the inflammation, and prevents illness from impaired and impoverished blood. Having had more than seventeen years' experience in my profession, I conscientiously and emphatically state that I have been able to give more relief and effect more cures by the use of Warner's Safe Cure than by all the other medicines ascertainable to the profession, the majority of which, I am sorry to say, are very uncertain in their action."

"Isn't that a straightforward, manly letter?"

"Indeed it is."

"Well, but do you know the author has been dreadfully persecuted for writing it?"

"How so? What has he done to merit it?"

"Done? He has spoken the truth 'out of school' and his fellow physicians, who want the public to think they have a monopoly in curing diseases, are terribly angry with him for admitting professional inability to reach certain disorders.

"That letter created a wonderful sensation among the titled classes and the public. This jarred the doctors terribly. The College of Surgeons and Queen's College, from which institution he was graduated, asked for an explanation of his unprofessional conduct, and notified him that unless he made a retraction they would discipline him.

"The doctor replied that he allowed his patients to make use of Warner's Safe Cure only after all the regular methods *had failed*, and when he was satisfied that there was no possible hope for them. Upon their recovery, after having used Warner's Safe Cure, he was so much surprised that he wrote the above letter to the *Family Doctor*. He regretted that the faculties found fault with his action in the matter, but he could not conscientiously retract the facts as written to the *Family Doctor*.

"The faculties of both colleges replied that unless he retracted they should cut him off, which would naturally *debar him from again practising his profession*, and also prevent his securing another appointment in the Royal Navy!"

The illustrious doctor's dilemma is certainly an unpleasant one, emphasizing, as it does, both his own honesty, and the contemptible prejudice and bigotry of English medical men. The masses, however, having no sympathy with their nonsense, keep on using the remedy he so highly recommends and get well, while the rich and able depend upon the prejudiced doctors and die!

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Sold everywhere. Price, Cuticura, 50c.; Soap, 25c.; Resolvent, $1. Prepared by the Potter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston, Mass.

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HARPER'S MAGAZINE

FOR FEBRUARY, 1887

(Vol. 74, No. 441),

BEGINS

A NEW NOVEL

By W. D. HOWELLS.

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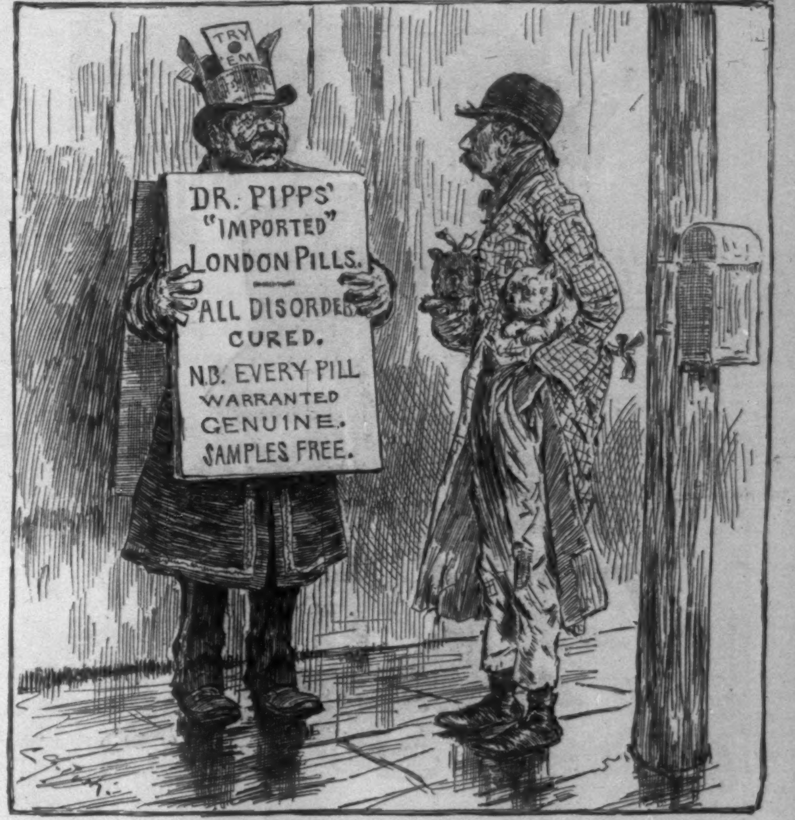

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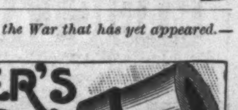

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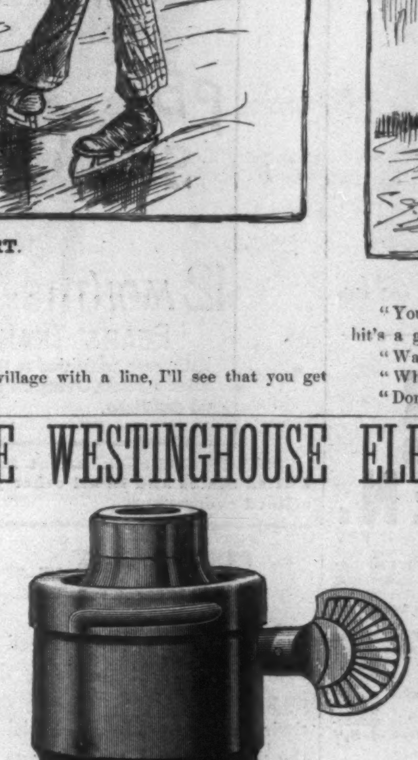

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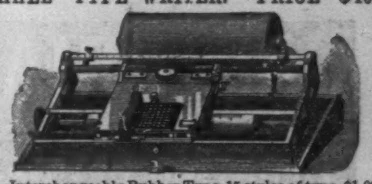

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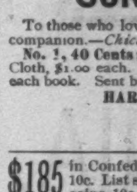

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